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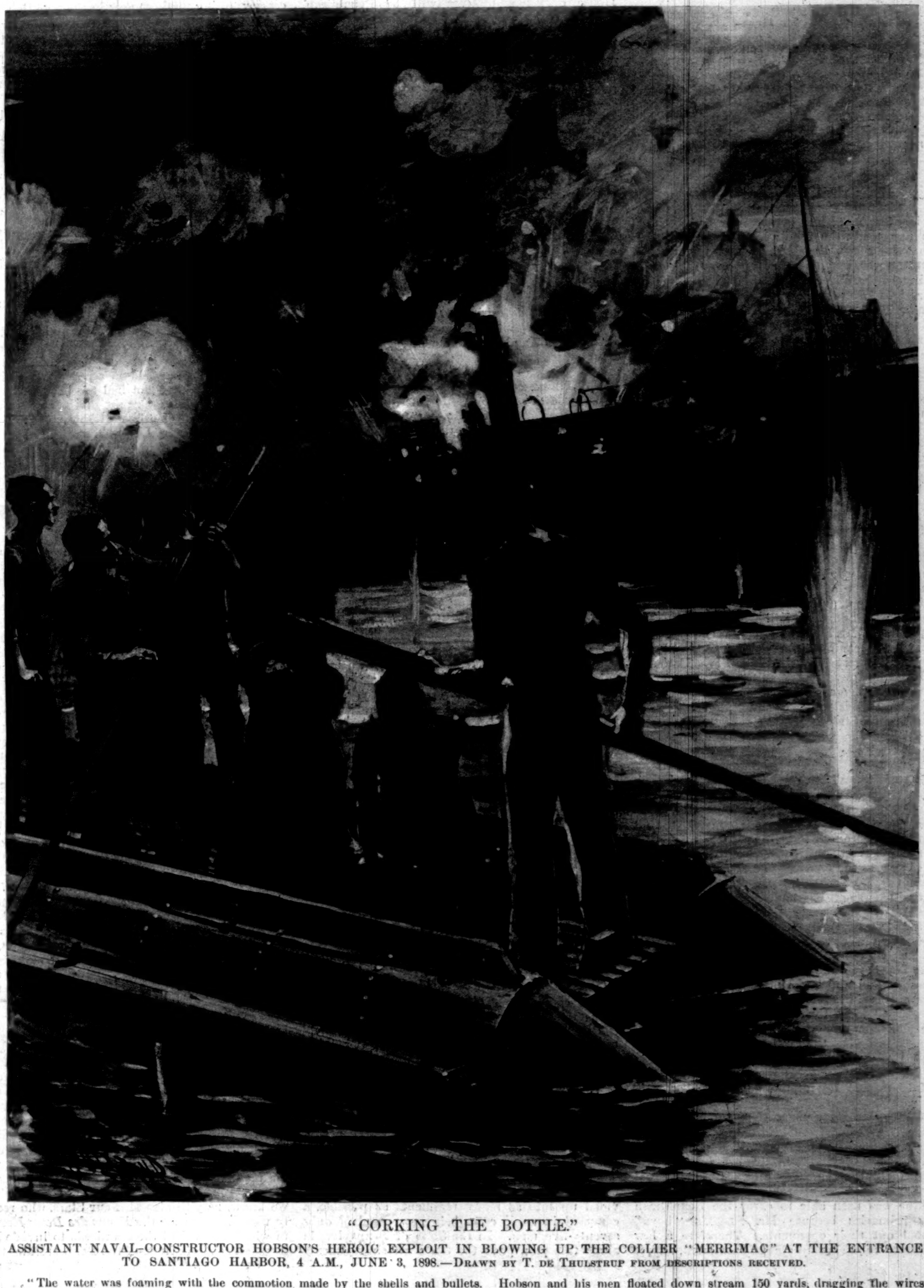


"CORKING THE BOTTLE."

ASSISTANT NAVAL-CONSTRUCTOR HOBSON'S HEROIC EXPLOIT IN BLOWING UP THE COLLIER "MERRIMAC" AT THE ENTRANCE TO SANTIAGO HARBOR, 4 A.M., JUNE 3, 1898.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP FROM DESCRIPTIONS RECEIVED.

"The water was foaming with the commotion made by the shells and bullets. Hobson and his men floated down stream 150 yards, dragging the wires out after them. This was the distance for the contact to be made, and it was done."—*Press Despatch from Key West.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES)

NEW YORK CITY, JUNE 18, 1898

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS

New York City: Franklin Square

This Paper will be the best Pictorial History of the War with Spain, as it was of the War of 1861. Its Special Artists and Correspondents will follow the Army and Navy, and notable Events in Washington and elsewhere will be accurately portrayed.

ARTISTS.	CORRESPONDENTS.
RUFUS F. ZOGBAUM.	JOHN FOX, JR.
CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.	O. K. DAVIS.
FREDERIC REMINGTON.	JOHN F. BASS.
T. DE THULSTRUP.	HAROLD MARTIN.
W. A. ROGERS	CLYDE D. V. HUNT.

POULTNEY BIGELOW, *who has just completed a Tour of Spain for* HARPER'S WEEKLY, *on a Bicycle, is contributing a Series of Articles, begun May 11, on the popular Sentiment in Spain in regard to the War. Messrs.* BASS *and* DAVIS *will represent the* WEEKLY *in the Philippines.*

ONE of the votes taken in the Senate on the passage of the war-revenue bill affords a striking illustration of how greatly war and national calamity steady the minds of the politicians. It is not long ago that Mr. CLEVELAND and Mr. CARLISLE were the objects of vigorous attacks for issuing bonds under the act of 1875. Naturally their right to do so was questioned and denied. Senator PETTIGREW of South Dakota, believing that he might put an end forever to what he considered the pretence that this power existed, moved as an amendment to the revenue measure the repeal of the power, and his resolution was voted down, 43 to 31. So, whether this Congress had voted bonds or not, the government would not have been left helpless.

THE question as to whether Hawaii shall be annexed is part of a very large question, as Mr. DOCKERY said the other day in the House of Representatives. It is the question of the future policy of the United States as to extension and colonization; for it will not do to say, as Mr. LODGE and his friends have said, that the annexation of the Hawaiian Islands at the present time is a necessity of the war. The only advantage that we can gain in the present war through the annexation of the islands is the use of them as a coaling-station and a military depot, and that, as the friends of annexation well know, we now possess through the friendliness of Mr. DOLE and his government. We cannot by annexation get more than they will give us without annexation. But it will be said that if the Hawaiian government is not strictly neutral Spain will have a cause of war or a claim for damages against the island. The answer to this is that if the United States cannot arrange a matter of this kind for the protection of Hawaii, she cannot conquer Spain.

THERE is one virtue in the revenue bill, which at this writing is in conference between the two Houses of Congress, and that is, as has been pointed out by a writer on financial questions, that taxes will be brought home directly to those who pay them. We doubt if the price of beer will be any higher to the consumer on account of the increased tax, but probably the quantity of beer in a glass will be smaller. The price of tea also will be increased, and every time a citizen draws a check or takes a receipt or executes a conveyance or mortgage his attention will be called to the fact that he is helping to support the government. These taxes are annoying, of course, but they are necessary, and under the present conditions they will be cheerfully borne. But all taxes, at all times, ought to be thus brought home to the taxpayer; in other words, the tax-payer ought always to know just what the government is exacting of him. Then he will be in a position to criticise tax bills intelligently, and his representatives will be careful how they lay imposts upon him.

THE regular Republican machine carried the primaries in the city of New York last week. These were the first primaries held under the new law, which was intended to give all members of a party, machinists as well as anti-machinists, equal rights. It has been claimed that the Republican machine has been able to carry the Republican party primaries because Mr. PLATT'S "boys" counted out their opponents. Therefore a law was passed requiring an official enrolment, and, it seems to us, merely a semi-official primary. The reason the anti-machine Republicans were defeated was that they did not enrol. There are many reasons for this perhaps, but the fact remains that they did not show the same interest in the primary as the machine Republicans did, and therefore they did not succeed in making much impression. Perhaps they will do better in the fall, when the enrolment can be made without personal trouble to the voter. But the fact remains, of course, that that element of a party will control its nominating machinery which takes interest enough in politics to transact the business of politics.

THE Oregon election has gone Republican by an increased majority, and the two members of the House of Representatives will be Republican, while the new Senator will be of the same party. Moreover, they are all gold men, since the Republicans were frankly for gold, and were opposed by a combination of Democrats, Populists, and silver Republicans. Oregon has now only one Senator, so that the election of a gold Senator adds one sound-money vote to that body. This election recalls the fact that the elections for members of the House of Representatives occur this November, and no more important elections have taken place since the close of the civil war. The voters of the various districts ought to ignore party entirely in the coming elections. Neither party opposed the war, and neither party is wholly responsible for it. The war issue, therefore, ought not to enter into the election, but care should be taken to make the House of Representatives as intelligent a body as the nominations of the two parties permit. We want in the next House soberminded men who will deal intelligently with the questions that will arise out of this war, and who will save the country from a crazy departure from its traditions, and from financial vagaries and disasters.

THE voting down by the Senate, with the help of Democratic and Populistic votes, of the proposition to issue greenbacks is a hopeful sign. It does not mean, of course, that the Senate itself has become a sound-money body because it adopted the WOLCOTT revenue bill requiring the coinage of that fanciful thing which the unsound-money men call the seigniorage. The reason we say there is hope in the vote is that it indicates differences of opinion in the conglomerate organization which followed BRYAN, touching a point that is likely to become an essential one in the next campaign. We take it that the cause of free silver coinage at the ratio of sixteen to one is distinctly weakened. As we all know, ex-Governor BOIES of Iowa has parted company with his old friends, and has told them that it is impossible and would be unfortunate to compel the free coinage of silver at that ratio. There have been indications given by other old-time friends of the cause of silver of a broadening of their financial madness. BLAND himself is one of those who have widened their intellectual mirage. In fact, the friends of free silver who do not own silver-mines have been moving rather rapidly towards a frank declaration of their design to advocate flat money pure and simple. This vote in the Senate points, at least, to disintegration among the flat-money hosts, and the tendency towards disintegration among the dangerous elements has always been a strong preservation of political sanity.

THE President is doing his best to make the new army of the United States—that is, the army composed of both regulars and volunteers—an efficient military organization. He has been hampered by the politicians, who invariably come to the front when there is any pelf or patronage to be distributed, but he has met them, yielding to them where it was necessary, but, on the whole, keeping them in hand better than was to have been expected, when the force of the pressure upon him is taken into account. Among the gross wrongs that have been perpetrated on the nation by Governors of States has been the sending into the field of incomplete regiments under the first call. A State having a certain number of men to furnish should have organized the quota into regiments of three battalions, each being composed of four companies, and each company of one hundred and six enlisted men. The general observation of this rule would have made the tactical units of the army equal in size, and therefore of equal value. But the politicians did not want this. What they wanted were as many commissions as possible for their friends, and therefore, in many States, the quotas were divided up into as many regiments as possible, a company in many cases being composed of only seventy-five men. In the State of Pennsylvania alone this plan gave the State fifteen regiments instead of ten, the latter being the proper number, and therefore five sets of unnecessary line-officers for the politicians. Mr. MCKINLEY insists that this wrong shall be remedied, and that under the new call the regiments furnished under the first shall be filled up to the required standard. Governor PINGREE of Michigan positively refuses to obey this decision of the President. He probably does not know that this inequality of tactical units imperils the success of their operations, and is a blow at the country. Probably if he had education enough to know this he would not take the position that he does. But it is to be hoped that Mr. MCKINLEY will bring him to his senses, if he cannot enlighten him, by refusing to accept any more troops from Michigan, and, if necessary, filling up those now in the field that have not the requisite number by men taken from other States. Of course it is not really necessary to do this, for if Mr. PINGREE sends his new skeletons into the field the Commander-in-Chief can make that use of them which he deems to be essential to the perfection of his military organization.

THE ACHIEVEMENTS OF THE WAR.

WHEN it comes to a question of personal daring or effective fighting, the American usually gives a good account of himself. The sailors and soldiers of the country are not only excellent war material, but our officers are as intelligent and as well instructed as any officers in the world, except of course in the actual handling of large masses of troops, such as are brought together every year in France and Germany at the army manœuvres. There are among the older men in the army, however, those who have commanded considerable bodies of men, and Generals MILES and MERRITT are distinguished examples of these; but the officers who have entered the service since the end of the war have not had much material to work with in the field on account of the size of our army, and have not had the happy occasions which are provided as part of the regular tasks of the officers of Continental Europe. Yet their theoretical training has been so thorough, and their intelligence is so marked, that they can be depended on to pick up very quickly in the field of actual war what they might have learned in advance if the opportunity had been afforded them, on the field of mimic war. It is only by the working of the vicious system of Congressional control and of politician command that the effectiveness of the army is impaired—for some reason the navy, neither here nor in Great Britain, suffering so much as the army from amateur interference. And yet even the navy has heard some mutterings against its failure to do more—to find CERVERA'S fleet, for example, while it was slipping about on the pathless seas; to finish the first bombardments of San Juan and of Santiago—while the Naval Strategy Board, so-called, is regarded with contempt by newspaper admirals who do not possess an iota of information as to what it is or is not doing or advising.

There has not so far, however, been an opportunity for real action that has not been amply improved; and while it has been the navy that has thus far gained the laurels, no one who knows the army doubts that the achievements of the soldiers will rival those of their brethren of the sea when they have their chance, and when they are actually engaged in the work for which the politicians, whose interference is naturally confined to the carrying out of projects that do not lead them into danger, have no stomach. The achievements of the war have been vastly to the credit of the nation, and they might have been even greater if the politicians had permitted the army to be as well prepared for war at its breaking out as the navy was. But let that pass for the moment, for we are really engaged in the work of making an army, and there is still hope that the soldiers may have their way in this arduous task; and if they do, the 260,000 men of the regular and volunteer forces will be as effective a body of troops as any body of equal size in Europe.

M. MARC LANDRY, the naval expert of the Paris *Figaro*, may be taken as an illustration of our Continental European critics. With the heart of a Spaniard, he writes with the pretensions of a judge, and he was at first able to impress himself even upon some unusually ignorant English friends; but not, it ought to be said, upon English officers of the navy, the best informed of whom, like Sir CHARLES BERESFORD, for example, know that, man for man and ship for ship, our navy ranks with theirs. But M. MARC LANDRY, who, for all that we know, may be also M. Four Stars, who recently wrote a paper for the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, in which he advised the Spaniards to invade New England at the latitude of the Delaware, and to es-

tablish a naval station on the island of Nantucket—this M. LANDRY announced that at first our navy would meet with a great defeat, because the Spaniards had better ships than we; because their officers were better instructed; because our own officers, lacking instruction as they did, were not as brave as the Spaniards; because our crews were made up not of Americans, but of a miscellaneous lot of international offscourings. He added that they lacked discipline; that they could not be as loyal to the flag as the Spaniards naturally were to the flag of their native land; that, joined to bad ships, insufficient material, and lack of docking facilities, the native cowardice of Americans, the ignorance of our officers, the disloyalty and poltroonery of our sailors, would bring us humiliation and shame, although in the end, and if Europe permitted us to carry on the war for a long time, we might win, on account of our great natural resources and the exhaustion of Spain. Even after the war had lasted a month, and after DEWEY'S brilliant achievement at Manila, M. LANDRY asserted that Spain's advantages were greater than ours, because CERVERA had succeeded in crossing the Atlantic without having been seen. Thus far we have not heard this wonderful naval critic's opinion as to the performance of the *Oregon*, nor, indeed, do we very much care to hear it. His follies have been so numerous that they have ceased to be interesting.

To leave M. LANDRY and to come to the speaking of the truth: At the outset of the war the navy was in as perfect a state of preparation as the number of its ships and the size of its personnel permitted. Commodore DEWEY was able to make his way to Manila at once and without hesitation, with a remarkable self-confidence due to his faith in his men, to his knowledge of the bay, and his confidence in his ships, his guns, and his gun crews; he destroyed the Spanish ships in the Pacific, and relieved American commerce from all fear of capture in that quarter of the globe. This was the first answer given by the American navy to the charge that the American officer is uninstructed, that the American sailor is disloyal and undisciplined, and that both lack courage or enterprise. On this side of the water the fleets under the command of Admiral SAMPSON and Commodore SCHLEY have developed the position of a dodging enemy, and have securely imprisoned the fleet which our French critics predicted would ravage our coasts and bombard our great cities. In doing this, an occasion was presented to young HOBSON to perform a feat of splendid and useful daring which stands out among the great achievements of personal courage which have adorned naval history, and especially the naval history of this country and Great Britain, and in which neither France nor Spain has been lacking. HOBSON'S deed, by which CERVERA'S fleet was put out of the war, is one of the most useful of the historic exhibitions of bravery, and in carrying it out he illustrated not only the character but the intelligence and the training of the American naval officers. And, as if in answer to foreign sneers as to the disloyalty and cowardice of our crew, four thousand officers and sailors volunteered for the hazardous expedition, while the whole fleet was envious of the opportunity of the lucky eight, and yet generously proud of the glory that their comrades won—as generous as CERVERA himself, whose quick impulsive recognition of the daring of HOBSON and his men marks him also as made of heroic stuff.

The navy, at this stage of the war, has done all the work that it has been permitted to do, and it has done it well. It has displayed its readiness; it has demonstrated its discipline; it has proved its surprising skill in gunnery, the result of careful training; it has shown that it is worthy of its splendid traditions—traditions of which M. LANDRY either was shamefully ignorant, or which he conveniently, not to say mendaciously, disregarded. We may rest content with the achievements of the navy; and we firmly believe that if the regular army had consisted of 50,000 men at the outbreak of the war, physically as perfect, officered and trained as well as the regulars who were so quickly mobilized at Chickamauga and on the Gulf, the war in Cuba would have been ended by now, and that Spain would now be without her American possessions. If the war is to continue, the army will have a chance to assert itself, and it will then be found that there are no better troops in the world than our regulars; but in the mean time the army should be turned over to the control of its soldiers, at least to the extent that the navy has been left to the control of its sailors. An amateur soldier may be more efficient than an amateur sailor, but there is hardly anything else that he excels. Let politics go to the rear for the rest of the war. Let the Governors fill the ranks of their regiments, and cease to plot for chances to make places for field-officers by sending skeleton regiments to the front. Let the business of the war go on as the navy has begun it. Let Mr. McKINLEY, who knows a soldier and respects him, have his way.

THE BOSS AND THE GOVERNOR.

ONE of the questions arising under our political system which have never received a final or satisfactory adjudication is the relation of the Governor to the boss, where the incumbents of the two offices do not happen to be the same man. It seems likely that this interesting question will soon come up for settlement in that peculiar aspect of it which is presented by the Republican politics of the State of New York.

This is an aspect in some respects novel. Of course there can be no question of the several spheres of the two offices when they are united. That was the case with Democratic politics in New York during the Governorship and boss-ship of Mr. HILL. It was once difficult and useless to distinguish between the things which he did in his capacity of Governor and in his capacity of boss. That case has not arisen in the Republican politics of the State within recent years. Senator PLATT, whose term as boss has already outlasted the terms of several Governors, has uniformly been backward and bashful about exposing himself to the direct suffrages of his fellow-citizens, even on the rare occasions—as, for example, the campaign of 1896—when it seemed that he might have done so with safety, that having been what is technically known among practical politicians as a "yellow-dog year" for the Republicans in New York. Nor can any case fairly arise when the Governor is and recognizes himself to be the boss's "man." The respective rights and duties of the parties are in such circumstances regulated by what may be called an ante-nuptial agreement. Such an agreement seems to have subsisted between Boss PLATT and the predecessor of Governor BLACK, during whose term no evidence was permitted to come to light of friction or want of co-ordination in the working of the duplex machine.

But the present Governor of New York is neither the boss nor the boss's "man," and, as might be expected, evidences of friction increase and multiply. The Governor owes the boss no subscription. Each of two favored henchmen desired the nomination for himself, and the boss could favor neither without risking an insurrection led by the other. The natural outcome of the situation was a *tertium quid*. Mr. BLACK was that *quid*. He owed the boss nothing, except for not opposing him. He was apparently at liberty to administer his office according to his own lights. He has shown "velleities" of independence in some of the most discreditable as well as in some of the most creditable of his official acts. The unspeakable appointment of LOU PAYN to be Superintendent of Insurance is one for which the Governor cannot avoid complete responsibility on the one hand. On the other, it is understood that his boss, as well as the Tammany boss, was fully committed to the equally unspeakable bill for muzzling the public press which was introduced at the last session, and that it was the knowledge that the Governor would decline to approve that measure which led to its withdrawal; and a like opposition proved equally fatal to a measure, only less objectionable, of which it was announced in the Legislature that Mr. PLATT, described as an "influence," had instigated the introduction.

Evidently here are sufficient occasions of friction, and they are not all. Boss PLATT and Boss CROKER worked together for the election of a Tammany Mayor, and they walked hand in hand through the corridors of the next Legislature, figuratively speaking, of course, for, as a matter of fact, they sent for their respective law-makers instead of going to them. But now the bosses have "fallen out," that the proverb might be fulfilled, and the Republican boss in 1898 demands revenge upon his Tammany ally of 1897 for turning out, through his man, the Mayor of New York, Senator PLATT'S men, the Republican Police Commissioners. It is given out that he demands that the Governor shall exercise his constitutional power of removal at the expense of Mr. CROKER'S Mayor. But the Governor is very unlikely to put out of office by a stroke of executive power a Mayor who was put in by a plurality of 80,000 votes, and whose action in the premises, however offensive to Mr. PLATT, does not seem to be objectionable to any of those who voted for him. It is also suggested that an extra session of the Legislature, for which there is a plausible occasion in the exigencies of the war, shall be employed to inflict upon the offending boss and Mayor the penalty known as "charter-tinkering."

It is very questionable whether the Governor is disposed to oblige the Mayor to this extent. The certainties of his past and the uncertainties of his future course promise to add much zest to the proceedings of the next Republican convention in the State of New York. The outcome may be a settlement of the question stated at the beginning of these remarks. It is, however, already well settled that the only "final disposition" of a boss is to defeat him at the polls. But that desirable consummation of this controversy has been rendered extremely unlikely by the egregious unwisdom of the Democratic party in Washington and elsewhere.

DIARY OF THE WAR.

Friday, June 3.—At four o'clock this morning, Lieutenant Richmond Pearson Hobson, Assistant Naval Constructor, sank the collier *Merrimac* in the narrow channel of Santiago de Cuba, thus effectually closing the entrance of the harbor and imprisoning Admiral Cervera's fleet. The plan, which was most gallantly carried out, was suggested to Admiral Sampson by Lieutenant Hobson, and had been under consideration for several days. Wednesday night was first selected for the attempt, but, as the work of stripping the collier was not finished in time, a postponement to the early hours of this morning was announced. Practically the entire companies of the ships volunteered for the dangerous service. The following six were chosen: Osborn Deignan, George F. Phillips, Francis Kelly, George Charette, Daniel Montague, J. C. Murphy; and to these must be added Randolph Clausen, who was at work on the *Merrimac* and declined to leave her. Torpedoes were fastened outside the hull on the port side, about ten feet below the water-line. They were placed against the bulkheads, and vital spots, and connected with the bridge and (by a wire under the ship's keel) with each other, so that they could readily be exploded by Lieutenant Hobson from his position on the bridge of the vessel. Soon after three o'clock the *Merrimac* steamed away from the fleet, Lieutenant Hobson and his crew of seven taking her first towards the western shore of the harbor entrance. The launch of the *New York*, in command of Naval-Cadet Powell, followed closely until the *Merrimac*, changing her course, headed straight for Estrella Point, off which, in accordance with the design, she was to be sunk by opening the sea-valves and exploding the torpedoes. Although exposed to a cross-fire of the Spanish batteries at short range, our men executed every detail of the plan with the utmost precision. The collier swung across the channel and went down—an impassable barrier. The eight men, who had finished their work for the day, drifted ashore on a catamaran. By a flag of truce from the Spanish Admiral, "sent in recognition of their bravery," Admiral Sampson was informed that all were prisoners of war, and two slightly wounded. In offering to exchange them for Spanish prisoners held by the Americans, Cervera said, through his chief of staff, "Daring like theirs makes a bitterest enemy proud that his fellow-men can be such heroes."

This afternoon the last cable strands binding Cuba to the outside world, except those connecting Santiago and Guantanamo with Haiti, and Havana with New York, were cut by a cable-vessel convoyed by the *Dolphin*.

Saturday, June 4.—The gunboat *Marietta*, which has made a longer trip even than her companion the *Oregon*, dropped anchor at Key West. The *Marietta* left Sitka, Alaska, December 9, and San Francisco January 16.

A letter from Lieutenant Carranza, formerly Spanish naval attaché in Washington, showing the existence of an elaborate spy system in this country, was made public.

Captain Charles V. Gridley, who commanded the flagship *Olympia* at the battle of Manila, died at Kobe, Japan.

Monday, June 6.—The Monitor *Monterey* and the collier *Brutus* sailed this afternoon for Manila.

The Navy Department posted the following bulletin: "Admiral Dewey reports that the insurgents have been actively engaged within the province of Cavité during the last week. They have won several victories, taken prisoners about 1800 men, 50 officers, of the Spanish troops not native. The arsenal at Cavité has been prepared for occupation by the United States troops upon their arrival."

Despatch from Manila, *viâ* Hong-kong: "Chief Aguinaldo has said that the insurgents are eager to rush upon Manila forthwith, but that Admiral Dewey refuses to allow 'hosts of passionate semi-savages to storm a civilized metropolis.'"

A bombardment of the Spanish batteries and fleet at Santiago de Cuba was maintained by ten of our ships for two hours and a half this morning. About fifteen hundred projectiles are said to have been fired, to such good purpose that the forts were silenced, and the *Reina Mercedes* was sunk. Later in the day the defences at Aguadores, a coast town a little to the east of Santiago, were also reduced, while it is reported that at Daiquiri, just beyond Aguadores, marines were landed and formed a junction with the insurgents, after driving back the Spanish military forces that were guarding the place. Meantime Cuban troops attacked Santiago. Spanish accounts concede severe losses in killed and wounded.

Tuesday, June 7.—Great prominence is given in the despatches to Aguinaldo, insurgent leader in the Philippines. Since his landing, three weeks ago, he has assembled and armed a force of 3000 men, captured two batteries, won the whole province of Cavité, and declared himself "Dictator of the Philippines."

Admiral Sampson's despatch of this date to Acting Secretary-of-the-Navy Allen, so far as has been made public, reads: "Bombarded forts at Santiago de Cuba, half past seven to ten A.M., June 6. Have silenced works quickly, without injury of any kind [to our fleet], though within 2000 yards."

Wednesday, June 8.—A communication from Captain-General Augustin, at Manila, was published to-day in Ma-

(*Continued on page 602.*)

UNINVITED GUESTS TO BREAKFAST.

LIEUT.-COL. DORST, U. S. VOLS.

THE EXPEDITION IN CAMP.

GENERAL FERIER,
Commanding Insurgent Forces near Puerto de Banes.

A YOUNG INSURGENT, AND OTHERS.

GENERAL SANGUILLY AND STAFF.

PACIFICOS WHO TOOK MOST OF OUR QUININE.

A GROUP OF VISITORS TO CAMP.

PUTTING AN ARMY MULE OVERBOARD.

SWIMMING FOR SHORE.

TERRA FIRMA AT LAST.

TO CUBA ON THE TRANSPORT "FLORIDA"—SUCCESSFUL LANDING OF CUBAN VOLUNTEERS AT PUERTO DE BANES, CUBA.

From Photographs by Clyde D. V. Hunt, Special Correspondent for "Harper's Weekly" with the Expedition.—[See Page 599.]

OFF FOR MANILA—CALIFORNIA VOLUNTEERS SAYING GOOD-BY, ON THE WHARF AT SAN FRANCISCO, BEFORE EMBARKING.—Drawn by J. A. Cahill, San Francisco.

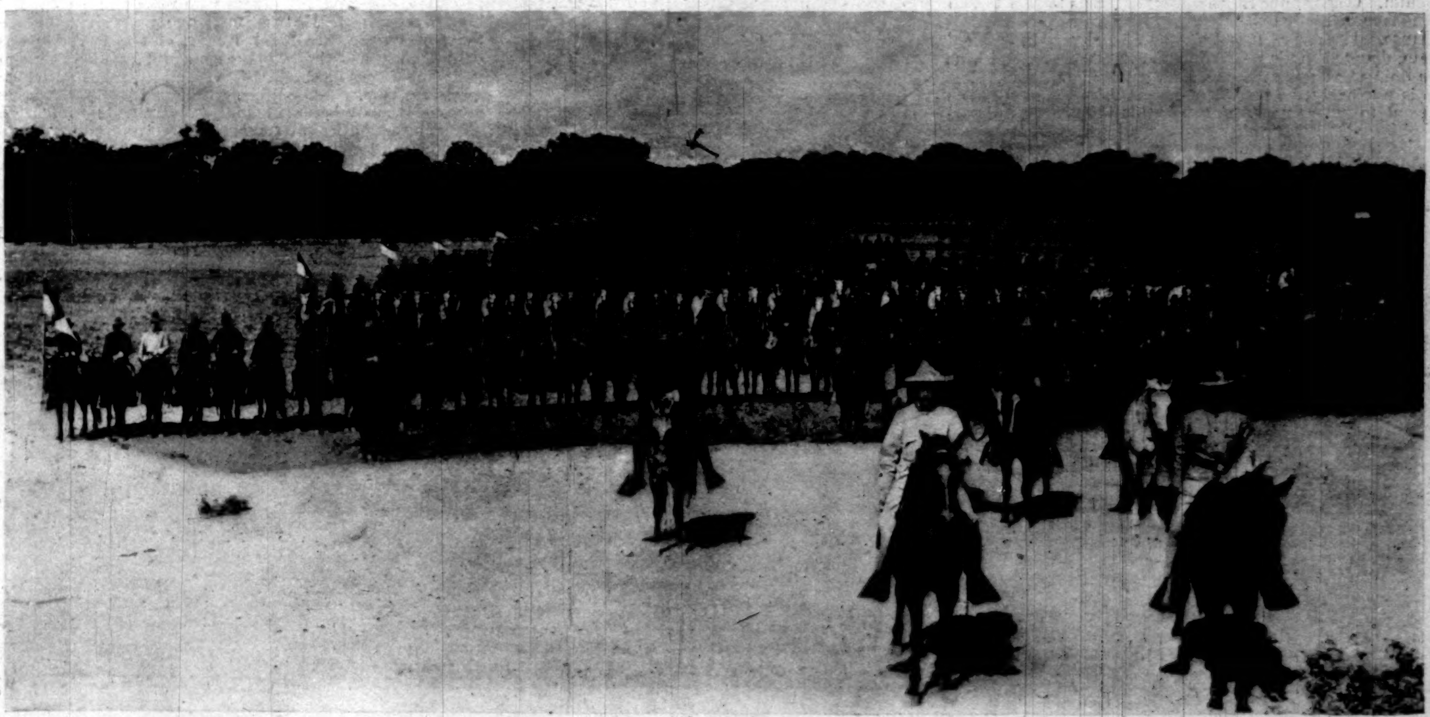
·THIS·BUSY· ·WORLD·

There has not been much important war news in the papers of late (though there may be by the time this writing becomes reading), but there has been a vast deal of minor news from camps, and about promotions and appointments, which has been eagerly read by folks everywhere who have wanted to know what their particular soldiers were about. There are millions of readers now who have relatives or near friends in the army, and who search the newspapers just as diligently when the news seems trivial as when there is something great to tell. It is the newspapers' excuse for existing just now that they supply this demand for personal information. Real war news they are not allowed to print, except in minute quantities, and ordinary news, not relating to war, readers scan with feeble interest. We ought, for example, to be exercised just now over June weddings, Commencement orations, and the prospects of college oarsmen and baseball-players, but interest in all those matters is slack. Out of the kindness of their hearts the news censors in the South have allowed us to be informed of the movements of Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt's Rough Riders, and for that we are grateful, though when once the "Terrors" have got aboard a transport we shall doubtless hear no more even of them.

The American Unitarians are not very zealous in proselyting, and in particular are not much disposed to compete with their orthodox brethren in the work of Christianizing the heathen. They have, however, at least one foreign mission in Japan, of the condition of which an encouraging report was made at the recent annual meeting of the American Unitarian Association in Boston. Secretary Eliot, in his report, announced that this Japanese mission, which had always been regarded with misgivings by many members of the association, had in the last year taken the longest forward step in its history, and had done a work of great practical value in attracting the attention, sometimes friendly, sometimes hostile, of many of the best minds of Japan.

Not so satisfactory are all reports of Christian enterprises in Japan. The American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions is grieved at the backsliding of Doshisha College in Kyoto, founded in 1875 by Dr. Neesima, with the assistance of the Board, and aided since then to the extent of $100,000. For fifteen years it was a strong force in Christian work in Japan, but after the death of its founder in 1890 it began to lose its grip on Christian principles, until four months ago its trustees eliminated Christian instruction altogether from the school. This action seems to have been taken to obtain government recognition and sundry privileges incident to it, but the American Board considers it a breach of trust, and wants its money back, to wit, $98,456 paid for land, houses, and equipments in Kyoto, and $75,000 given by the late J. N. Harris, of New London, "to found a school of science in connection with the Doshisha, to constitute a part of a Christian seminary." The Board expects to have trouble in getting back its funds, and anticipates a lawsuit and other interesting complications.

Mrs. Mary Lowell Putnam, the older sister of James Russell Lowell, who died in Boston on June 1, was eighty-eight years old, and was the widow of Samuel R. Putnam, a Boston merchant. After her marriage in 1832 she lived much abroad, and her earliest published writings were articles on Polish and Hungarian literature, which appeared in 1848–50 in the *North American Review*. Besides the Lowell aptitude for writing, she had the family capa-



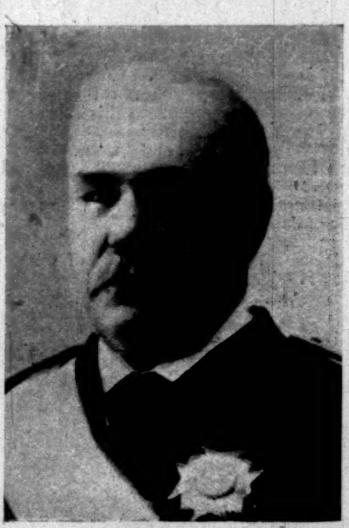
Colonel Wood. Lieutenant-Colonel Roosevelt.

COLONEL WOOD'S REGIMENT OF ROUGH RIDERS, AT SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.—Photograph by Baer.

THE SINKING OF THE "MERRIMAC"—SIX OF THE HEROES OF THE ENTERPRISE BY WHICH SPAIN'S FLEET WAS BOTTLED UP AT SANTIAGO.

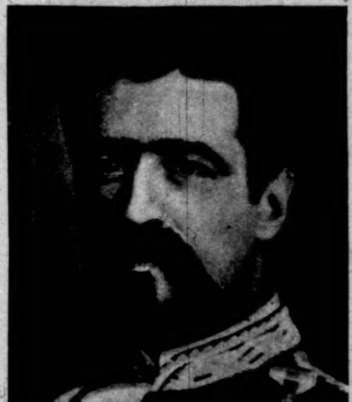
city for patriotic self-sacrifice, which found its special opportunity in the civil war. Her son, William Lowell Putnam, was wounded at Balls Bluff, and died of his injuries. She wrote a memoir of him, and also one of Charles Lowell. The generation of American mothers who sent sons to the civil war is nearly past now, but a new set of mothers have begun to realize how they felt.

It will be a relief to Admiral Dewey to learn that a new naval hero has transpired. Unless the Admiral's disinclination for publicity and all kinds of fuss has been exaggerated he must regard it as specially providential that Manila is ten thousand miles from home. Constructor Hobson's feat, however, will make it easier for him to come back, and before he gets ordered to our part of the world again there may be further subdivisions of glory which will help to make his native shores less ominous to him. Constructor Hobson himself seems to be a person who is more likely to be disturbed than over-exalted by applause. His record is that of an able and very thoughtful man, devoted to his profession and its problems, and bent on doing business rather than on gathering renown. Yet it is obviously the record of an ambitious man who has meant to get as near the top as his abilities and opportunities would warrant. What his abilities were he has demonstrated by the steady work which caused him to graduate second in his class (1889) at the Naval Academy, and then to be sent abroad for further instruction. His opportunities he has seized when they offered, and when they haven't offered he has invented them. He is credited with proposing the post-graduate course in construction at the Naval Academy, of which he had charge when he got permission to sail with Admiral Sampson's fleet. His chance to take the *Merrimac* into the Santiago channel was also of his own making, and all that he seems to have to thank fortune for is that he got away alive. The moral, therefore, of Mr. Hobson's sudden rise into celebrity is a particular sound and edifying one, considering that it is born of war. It is that success in feats of arms, like all other success worth having, waits on preparation, and that the man who turns out to be the right man in an important place is the man who learned how beforehand.



VICE-ADMIRAL CAMARA,
Commanding Spain's reserve Fleet at Cadiz.

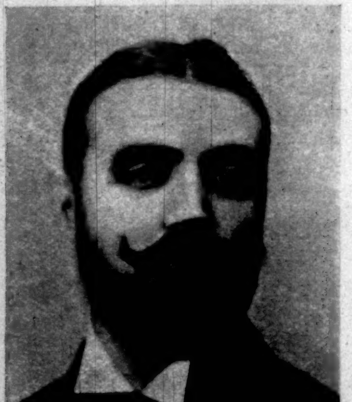
Sigourney Butler, who died in Boston of pneumonia on June 7, was one of the best beloved of the younger generation of Boston men, and his death causes the deepest sorrow to those who loved him as a friend, and very deep regret to thousands of others who valued and esteemed him as a citizen. He was forty-one years old, and was the son of the late Peter Butler, of Quincy. He was graduated from Harvard in the class of '77, which included in its membership the late Governor Russell, and which was, in a way, a famous class, though its brighter lights are burning out before their time. Mr. Butler inherited Democratic political preferences, and developed early into a leader among the younger Democrats of Boston. His relations with Governor Russell were intimate, and in Mr. Cleveland's first administration he served as a comptroller of the Treasury. After that he settled down earnestly in Boston to the practice of law, for which he had



CAPT.-GEN. DON BASILIO AUGUSTIN,
Governor-General of the Philippines.

SEÑOR AUÑON,
Spanish Minister of Marine.

SEÑOR GAMAZO,
Spanish Minister of Public Works.



DUKE OF ALMODÓVAR,
Spanish Minister of Foreign Affairs.

prepared himself by a full course at the Harvard Law School. His interest in politics continued, but he declined an appointment offered him in Mr. Cleveland's second term. Refusing to support the free-silver platform in 1896, he became a leading delegate to the Indianapolis convention of honest-money Democrats.

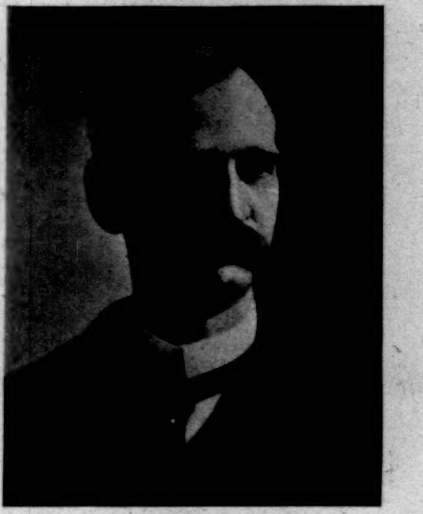
His standing at home, outside of politics, was attested the other day, when his name appeared as one of the Harvard graduates selected by vote of the alumni to be a candidate for overseer of Harvard University.

The rehearsal of Sigourney Butler's political activities touches on so small a part of his life that it seems comparatively unimportant. The politician was upright, honest, useful, an admirable citizen, exceedingly well qualified in some particulars to deal with men, and excellently equipped by study and practice to be concerned in the management of municipal and other public affairs. But the politician's work others may do. It is the man whose loss will seem irreparable—the son, faithful and devoted; the friend, full of cordiality and good-will; the companion, charming and delightful; the admired and beloved of his fellows, and yet unharmed by popularity, instant in well-doing, firm of purpose, driving himself by daily effort to the accomplishment of duty and the full development of his powers. It is not a careless use of language that terms the loss of men like Butler irreparable. To their fellows of their own generation it is never made up in this world. It is just so much gone out of life.

The Harvard men have a 6-pounder Nordenfeldt gun ready to be put aboard the cruiser *Harvard* whenever she comes within reach. The money to pay for it was raised by subscription, and Commander O'Neil, of the Bureau of Ordnance, is to supply the gun. A stand of colors and a silver loving-cup are additional tokens of Harvard's interest in the cruiser that bears her name.

Yale's gift to her cruiser, as will be remembered, was a pair of rapid-fire Vickers-Maxim 3-pounders, which were arranged for so promptly that it was possible to put them aboard before the vessel left port on her first cruise in government service.

A bit of news that seems worth remarking comes in the form of a despatch from Portsmouth, New Hampshire, dated June 6, which says that Storer Post No. 1, G. A. R., of that town, has adopted resolutions proposing to full membership all soldiers and sailors who serve in the present war with Spain. "The Commander-in-Chief," says the despatch, "now has the proposition under consideration." The resolution is full of suggestiveness of



W. V. SULLIVAN,
Newly Appointed U. S. Senator from Mississippi.
Photograph by Bell.

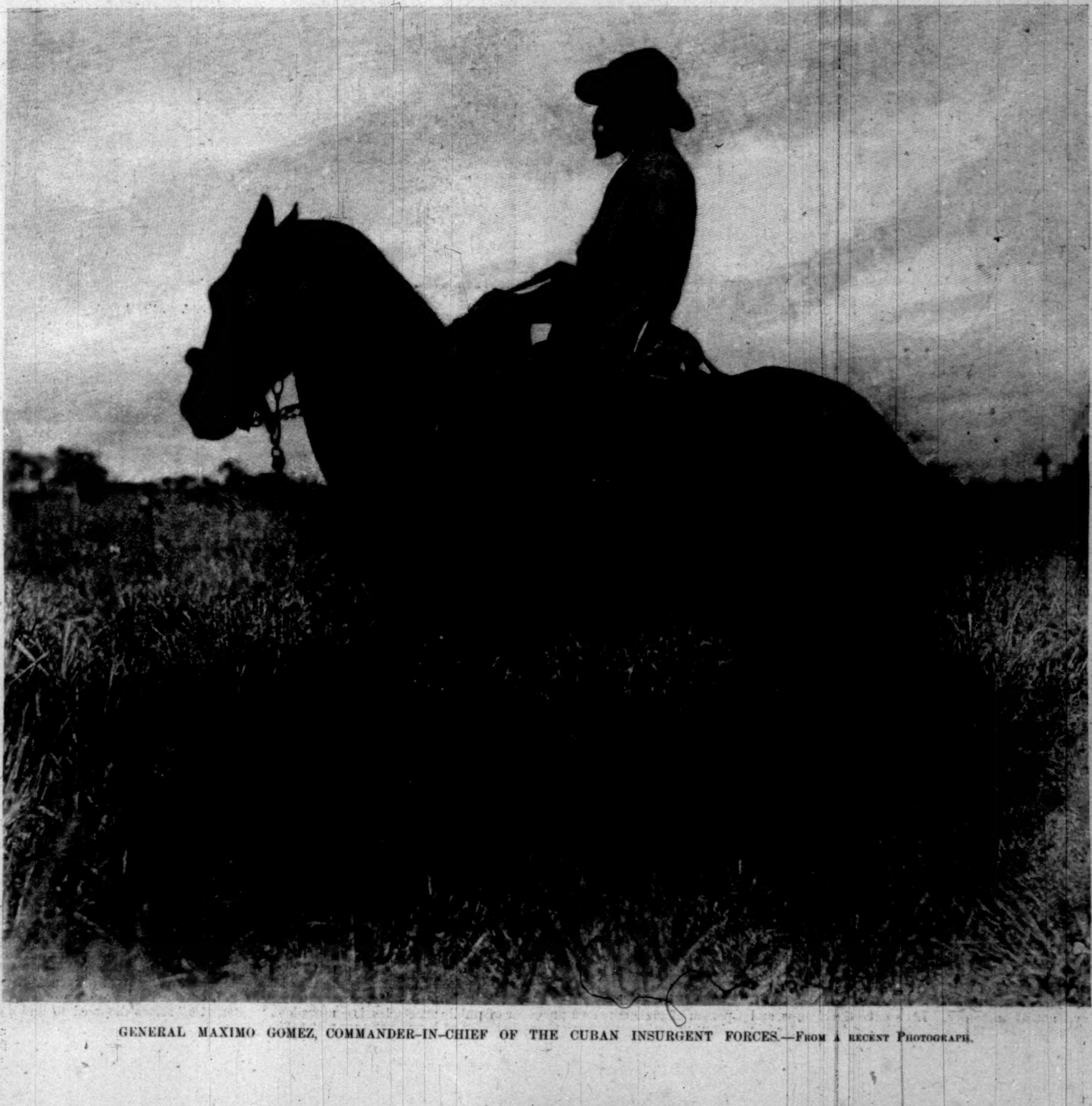
various sorts, and contains possibilities of lively interest. Could the G. A. R. assimilate the new soldiers without a considerable change of quality and modification of purpose? Will the coming veterans care to be assimilated? There will be much meat for meditation in this proposal if it promises to have practical results.

To all appearances, at this writing, Mr. W. J. Bryan is the sure-enough colonel of the Third Nebraska Volunteers, and is going to war as soon as his organization is called for. Mr. Bryan's ambition to serve his country in the field has triumphed over serious vicissitudes. In order that the Governor of Nebraska might have a colonel's commission to offer him, it was necessary that the Secretary of War should allow Nebraska's last batch of volunteers to be formed into a new regiment, instead of being used to fill up the two short-handed regiments the State had already furnished. This concession, objectionable in itself, was felt by the administration to be expedient in Mr. Bryan's case, and doubtless it was. Mr. Bryan's qualifications to be colonel of a regiment seem to be all included in his possession of a reasonably sound body and a mind capable of understanding how the country may find honor and prosperity in the free coinage of unlimited silver dollars at a ratio of 16 to 1. Although doubtless he is as good a patriot, according to his lights, as another, it is impossible not to suspect a connection between his military aspirations and the disposition of nominating conventions to look with favor upon candidates who have served with distinction in war.

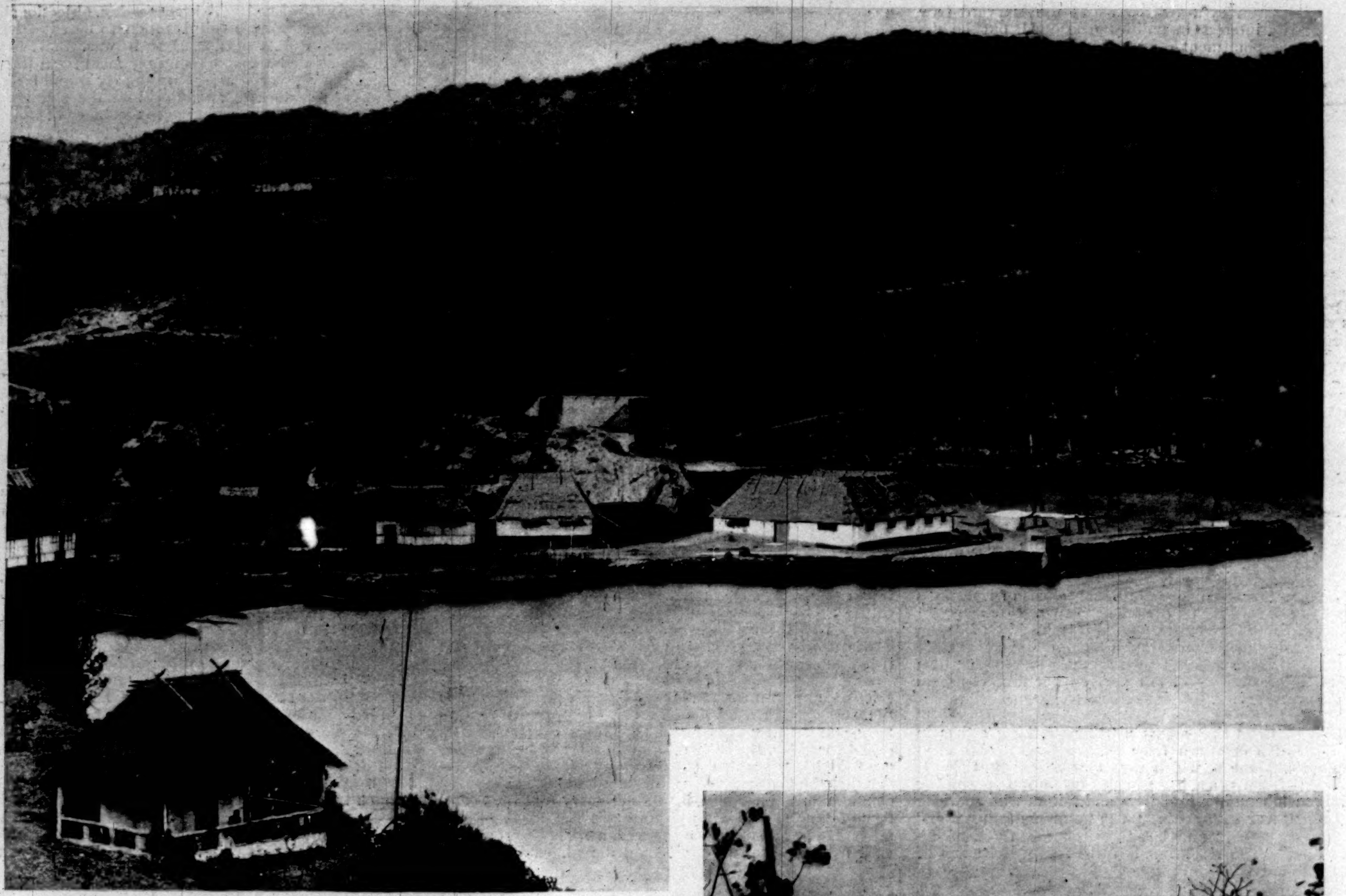
This would be a better world if all men who have made their mark in it had made it to as good purpose as Samuel Plimsoll did. He made his on the outside of the merchant vessels of Great Britain—the "Plimsoll mark" on the load-line—where any one can see it, and know that the vessel that keeps it in sight is not loaded deeper than the law permits. He died in England on June 3, seventy-four years old. The services which earned him the name of "the sailor's friend" were long continued, and pursued with devotion and at great cost of time and money. In 1853 he went into business in London, and doubtless in the course of his own affairs became acquainted with the methods of ship-owners, for when he was sent to Parliament from Derby in 1868 he set about the reform of the shipping laws, and in particular the prevention of over-loading. Deck-loading was prohibited by British law from 1853 to 1863. Then the restriction was removed. Mr. Plimsoll demonstrated, in 1873, that the loss of life at sea had been quadrupled in consequence of the removal of the restriction. He spent $50,000 in his investigations, and earned the gratitude of sailors and the respect of all good men.

He came to this country two years ago, when there was so much talk about American dislike for the English, and looked into the report that it was due to the incendiary character of our school histories. He thought the school-books were much to blame for it. It is to be hoped that he lived long enough to believe that there was less bad blood between us and his countrymen than he feared, and that our school-books had less mischief in them than he fancied. Somehow the idea that young America must hate the English because he learns his country's history is much less plaintively dwelt upon than it was.

Are we to have no issue of special postage-stamps to celebrate our Spanish war? It is certainly a bigger thing



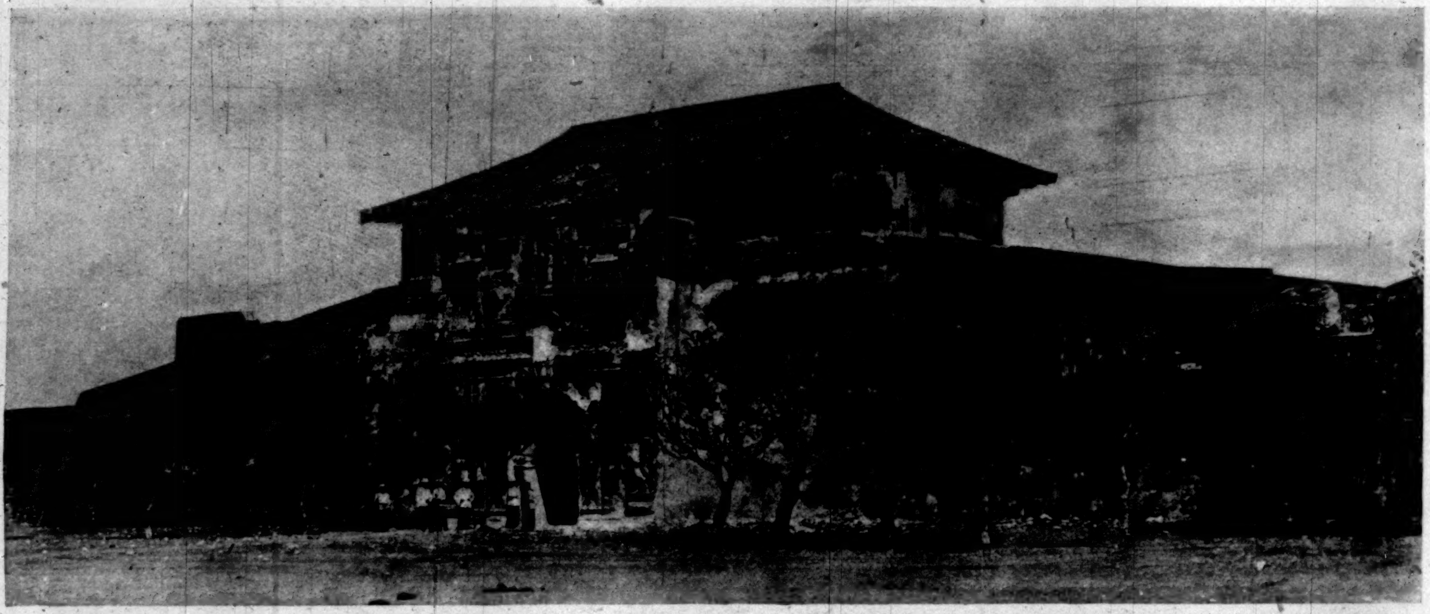
GENERAL MAXIMO GOMEZ, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE CUBAN INSURGENT FORCES.—From a recent Photograph.



CORREGIDOR ISLAND.

THE PRISON, MANILA.

HOUSE OF THE COMANDANTE, CAVITÉ.



GATE IN THE WALL AT CAVITÉ.

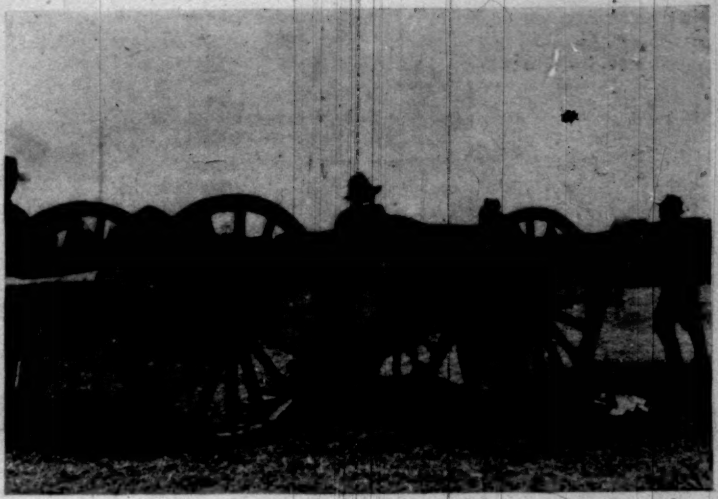
THE PHILIPPINES—IN AND ABOUT MANILA.

than the Omaha Fair, and is costing very much more money, for which we shall have much less to show. To be sure, we may have the Philippines to show for our disbursements, and maybe Porto Rico, but very many citizens look gloomily at the Philippines, and regard them as a good deal worse than nothing; and when we take Porto Rico, all Europe will declare our war was a war of conquest, and not of humanity. Let's have the stamps, and not the Philippines. The stamps will cost less, be far less troublesome, and it will be easier to distribute them so that each citizen may have at least one. There may be enough of the Philippines to go around, but that is uncertain, though geographers aver that there is an immense number of them.

The New York *Herald* says that Mr. Imre Kiralfy, a person of some note as a purveyor of public spectacles, is about to petition the Park Commissioners of New York to allow him to erect in Central Park a gigantic Eiffel Tower seesaw, 400 feet high, and having a horizontal spread of three blocks. If Mr. Kiralfy supposes that our Park Commissioners will allow any such edifice as that in Central Park he must have a disposition sufficiently sanguine to give him a great deal of innocent pleasure. He should try Coney Island, or possibly Boston Common, where nowadays "enterprise" seems disposed to find a congenial field.

E. S. Martin.

BATHING FOR MAN AND BEAST.



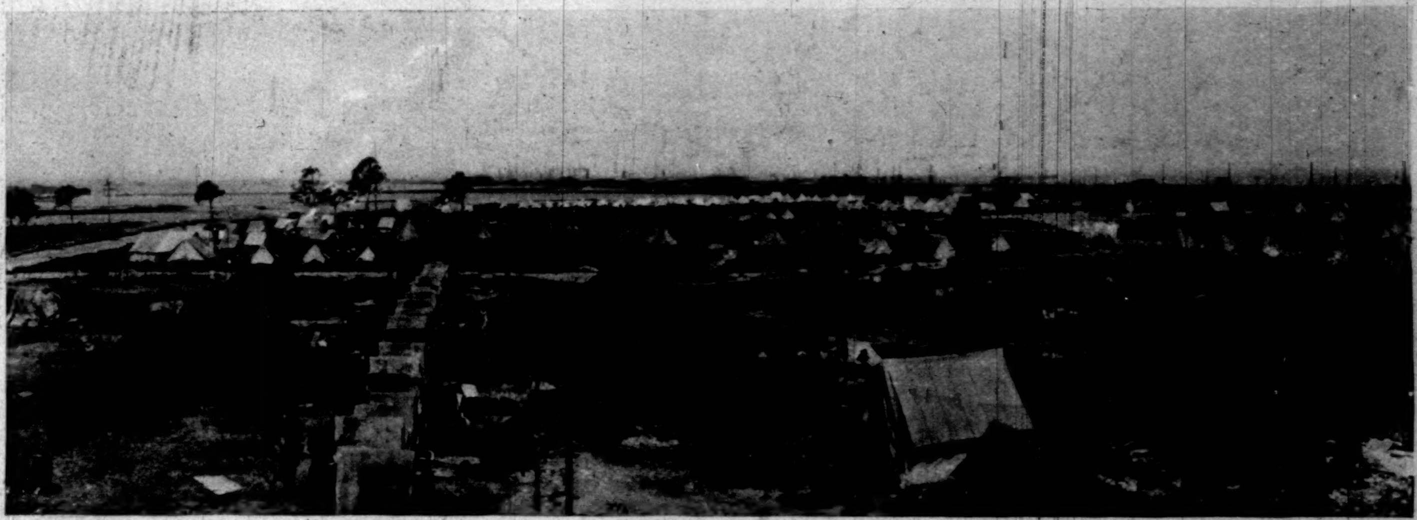
CLEANING UP AFTER DRILL.

BATTERY-WAGON—ARTIFICERS AT WORK.

U. S. CAVALRY DRILLING ON THE BEACH.

U. S. LIGHT-ARTILLERY DRILLING ON THE BEACH.

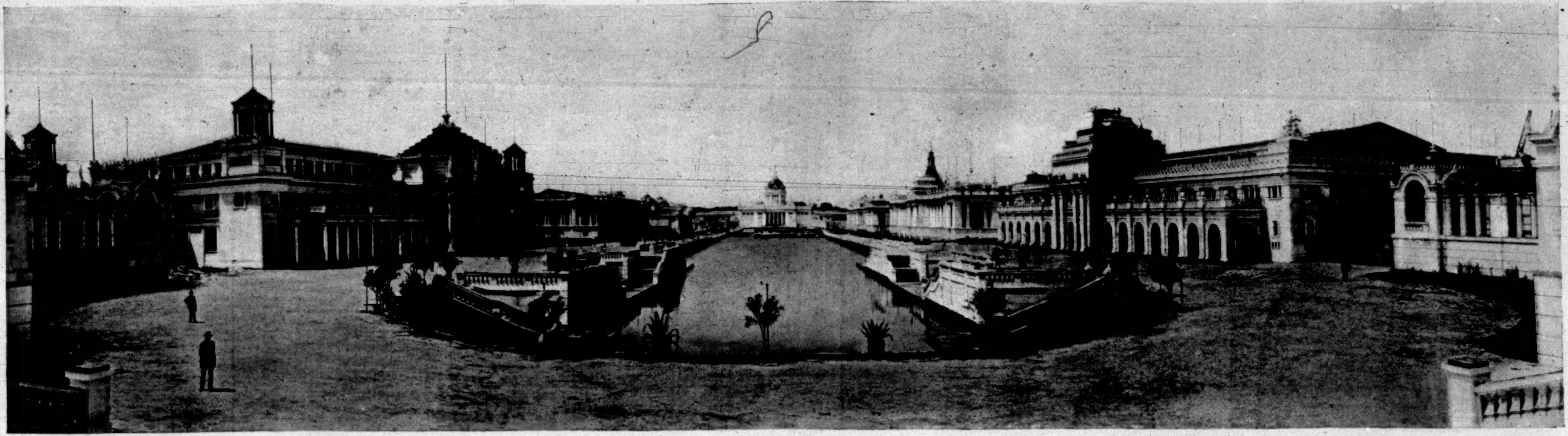
BATHING PARADE—U. S. CAVALRY.



LIGHT-ARTILLERY CAMP.

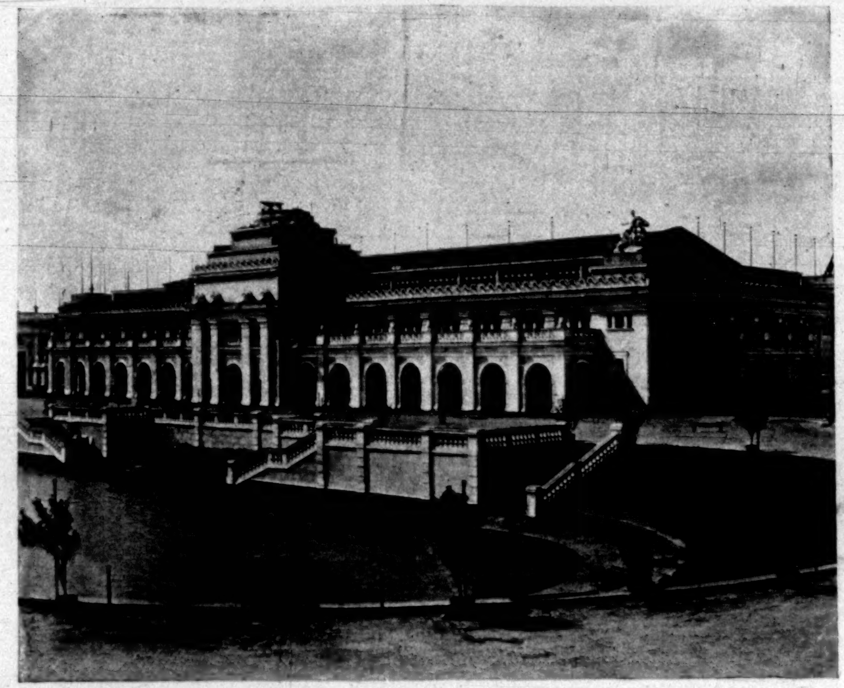
WITH U. S. REGULAR CAVALRY AND LIGHT-ARTILLERY AT PORT TAMPA, FLORIDA.
PHOTOGRAPHS BY JAMES BURTON, SPECIAL PHOTOGRAPHER FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY."

Fine Arts.
Liberal Arts.
Agriculture.
Administration.



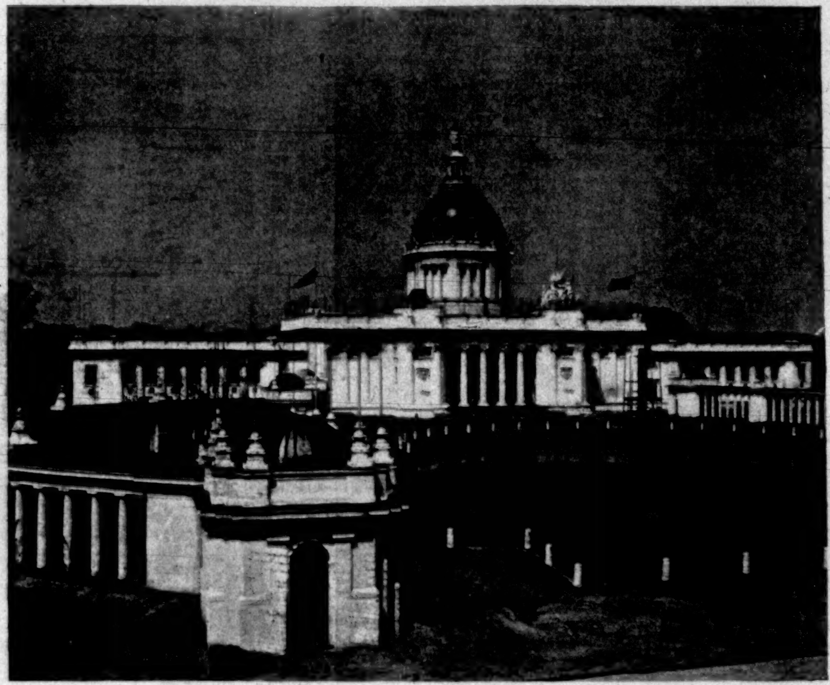
Auditorium. Mines and Mining. U. S. Government. Manufactures. Machinery and Electricity.

LOOKING WEST ON THE GRAND COURT.



MACHINERY AND ELECTRICITY HALL.

MAIN ENTRANCE AGRICULTURAL BUILDING.



U. S. GOVERNMENT BUILDING.

THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI EXPOSITION—OMAHA'S GREAT FAIR, OPENED JUNE 1, 1898.—From Photographs by Rinehart.

MAIN ENTRANCE AGRICULTURAL BUILDING.

THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI EXPOSITION—OMAHA'S GREAT FAIR, OPENED JUNE 1, 1898.—From Photographs by Rinehart.

MACHINERY AND ELECTRICITY HALL.

VOLUNTEERS IN THE BLUE-GRASS.

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

Daybreak again, and birds singing the dawn in. Ten minutes swiftly along the sunrise and across an invisible line, and the world is changed. From nervous exaltation of atmosphere to an air of balm and peace; from dark grim hills to the rolling sweep of low green slopes; from a mist of thin verdure to full-leafed summer; from giant poplar to broad oak and sugar trees; from log cabin to homesteads of brick; from wood-thrush to meadow-lark; from mountain to the blue-grass.

And thus, indirectly, from the camp of the United States regular to the camp of the volunteer.

On one side of the once sleepy old town of Lexington, that is now fast taking on the smart ways of a city, stands a tall monument to Henry Clay; across the town is his old home, Ashland. Almost on its lawn is the drill-ground, and in a beautiful woodland park, under forest trees and in a rich growth of blue-grass, within twenty yards of the house that was once James Lane Allen's home, is the camp of the Kentucky volunteers.

It was Sunday morning, and the Kentucky gentleman of the old school was in quivering shame to discover that his sacred soil was pressed by the feet of a single coward. A procession, headed by a yellow flag, had just formed in honor of a coward, who "did not like the fare," when I reached the camp. His comrades tossed him in a blanket, and rode him on a rail through jeers and to the tune of the "Rogue's March" through the camp. The poor wretch escaped once, and, I was told, took refuge in one corner of the park, where were camped a company of Kentucky mountaineers. To these men he was an under dog and badly abused, and in their country they allow no man to be imposed on, no matter what his deserts. So they got out their guns to protect him, and were sternly told by the Colonel that they must not harbor a coward.

These mountaineers created a good deal of interest. Twenty-five per cent. of them were rejected, I was told, because of their extraordinary height.

One big fellow went to town, turned into a saloon, and called for whiskey.

"I haven't had a drink for ten years," he said. "I came down here to fight for the United States and to free Cuba, and they won't let me fight, so I'm going back home and tell them that they say down here that I am too big to fight. I haven't had a drink for ten years, but I am going to get on a big drunk now." And he did.

The rest of the rejected cavalrymen went home weeping and cursing by turns.

It was a contrast to the camp of the regulars, this camp of volunteers. It was like a picnic-ground. All the soldiers who were not on actual duty seemed to go where they pleased and do what they pleased, and they were flirting and playing pranks and singing like a crowd of undergraduates on a lark. One sentinel fearlessly walked his beat with a girl on his arm, and I myself saw a typical scene. A Lieutenant was escorting the Colonel's daughter through one of the camps, and a sentinel stopped and presented arms.

"Why, is that George?" said the girl. "Dear me, I didn't know you! Can't you shake hands with me?" she added to the serious soldier, who stood at rigid attention.

George grinned helplessly, and with a comical compromise between his dignity as a soldier and his personal relations with his superior, said, "Yes, I can, if Jim there will let me."

Lieutenant Jim at once let him.

"May I see your gun?" said the Colonel's daughter.

"Sure," said George; "with pleasure."

Lieutenant Jim smiled uneasily and looked conscientious.

"You go to the guard-house for that, George," he said. "Don't you know you mustn't give up your gun to anybody but your commanding officer?"

"I am the commanding officer here," said the Colonel's daughter, and the gallant Lieutenant took off his hat. I do not think George went to the guard-house.

The central point of interest was the Colonel's tent; and, by-the-way, in comparison with the headquarters of a major-general at Chickamauga, the Colonel, to put it mildly, reposes in the lap of luxury. I saw a wicker basket on the floor of his tent, which is some two feet from the dampness of the ground, and other signs of cheer. To one side were four beautiful saddle-horses, the Colonel's favorites, and about him was a staff of fine-looking young men, not to mention the Colonel's daughter, her sister, and another lovely Southern girl or two. And yet the discipline of the camp is perfect, for the Colonel is the father of the regiment, and is beloved as such. He eats the fare of the private, hears the complaints of his men, and treats them as though they were sons of his. Sometimes they line up before his tent and give him three cheers out of good-humor and gratitude. Sometimes they even take a joke out of the Colonel, as follows:

The volunteer always has trouble getting his rations from Uncle Sam. There is but one way to get rations, the regulars say, and it is a hard and narrow way, and must be travelled often.

At first the volunteers almost starved. So one morning a company lined up before the Colonel's tent, sang him a song, and told him how hungry they were. Then they said they had a request to make which they feared he might not grant. The Colonel told them to make the request fearlessly.

"Please, sir, have you a calendar?" asked a deep voice, respectfully, at one end of the line.

"A calendar?" said the Colonel. "Why, certainly. Orderly— But what do you want with a calendar?" he asked, a bit mystified.

"Please, sir," said a squeak from the littlest man, at the other end of the line, "we should like to eat the dates." And thereupon the soldiers ran.

Now this dearth of food got abroad and proved a blessing. It touched the hearts of the mothers in bear-grass and blue-grass, and now these boys have the fat of the land in plenty.

That afternoon there was a regimental drill in one of the pasture-lands of Ashland, through knee-deep blue-grass, and with the singing of meadow-larks overhead. The mountaineers, who had no uniforms and were undrilled, kept the crowd back. One big fellow in a slouch-hat, who was pushing it back firmly, saw a girl with a bicycle, and her escort, retiring before him.

He put one big sunburnt hand on the man's chest, and with the other took off his hat. "Lady," he said, "you come out here where you can see."

They drill well, these volunteers—some of the companies exceedingly well—and the officers, charging up and down the field in a running walk or rack or gallop on their Southern-gaited horses, were a contrast to the sturdily trotting regulars, and—Shade of Custer and Substance of Chaffee at Chickamauga—I saw one of these officers, when his horse did strike a trot, "post" to it!

At dusk the crowd melted away, and the star and crescent rose over the monument of the Great Commoner and sank among the hills of the capital, where lived that gallant Crittenden who, with 150 other Kentuckians, went to Cuba in 1851 to fight the fight we are fighting to-day. Crittenden and fifty Kentuckians were captured, and shot in platoons of six. It was when he was ordered to kneel, with his back to the firing soldiers, that he made his famous assertion,

"A Kentuckian kneels only to his God, and faces his enemy."

And he died standing, and with his front to Spain. All these volunteers know this story, and when they get to Cuba they will have something more than the *Maine* to remember. They will remember Crittenden.

To-morrow the First Kentucky Regiment goes to Chickamauga.

Taps now.

My old Kentucky home, good-night!

THE TRANS-MISSISSIPPI EXPOSITION.

Stand here this rare first day of June, beneath this cloudless sky of the West, and look far down this noble court, with its great buildings, massive and magnificent, classic in their architecture and rich in ornament, their snowy façades mirrored in the long lagoon that stretches away two thousand and more feet to the fountain playing before the splendid public building erected by the general government in recognition of the progress and the power of the great West. It is indeed a fair sight.

Just a moment ago the President of the United States touched a tiny electric button in the capital city of the nation, and now the machinery of a great exposition is in play, responsive to his finger. Turning from the toil of war to the noble pursuits of peace, he has set in motion the energies of one of the most important expositions of any day.

The red-suited members of the Marine Band from Washington have played sonorously, the chorus of singers have sung and the speakers have spoken, and the vast audience has rendered its response of applause—the Trans-Mississippi Exposition has begun.

Just as one expects to find in a new Western town tokens at every turn of the spirit of Western enterprise, so one quite naturally expects to find evidences of sectional—indeed, of national—thrift and enterprise in this exposition now under way in this hustling, rushing, bustling Western city of Omaha. Enterprise and sincerity seem to me to dominate in this really quite remarkable fair. If the people of this region had done nothing more than afford this fine token of sincerity in fulfilling promises, it would have been worth the pains and the millions that have gone into it. In carrying out the plans of this exposition, those in charge have had two important advantages—immense area for grounds and cordial assistance. Nearly or quite two million five hundred thousand dollars has been expended in preparing this exposition.

Nearly as many acres of ground as Paris will have for her exposition in 1900—200 acres, to be precise—bordering the edge of a bluff, with the lazy, mud-stained Missouri in the distance, have given fine opportunity for the development of the exterior scheme of the exposition. The grounds where the more important buildings stand are in the form of a great quadrangle over two thousand feet in length, and perhaps five hundred and fifty in width. In the central portion of this lies a lagoon. Bordering it are fine stretches of turf, with much promise of bloom when the hotter summer comes, and at their edge rise beautiful buildings, snowy white, large, artistic, architecturally exquisite. Strong men in architecture from various American cities have united to produce about the sides of this long lagoon the most imposing and attractive series of buildings ever erected for similar purposes in America, save for the buildings which distinguished the Columbian Fair above all other expositions of the century.

The quadrangle lies east and west, and at the eastern end, lying at right angles, are the State buildings, structures highly creditable to the dozen or more Western commonwealths which are represented. Beyond the State buildings that inevitable feature of the modern exposition the Midway displays its manifold attractions.

Perhaps the candid Nebraskan would tell you in a moment of frank contriteness that the prime object of this exposition was to boom Omaha. And yet this is not an exposition of the common commercial type. It is something much higher, and keenly sympathetic with higher elements of life.

Had there been no White City at the lower end of Lake Michigan, this must easily have been the most striking and important public enterprise of the kind in the history of American fairs.

Beginning at the viaduct over one of the city streets crossing through the grounds, the buildings stretch away in white beauty along the lagoon. The buildings are large, imposing indeed, and so cleverly treated in their adornment of staff that they quite completely carry out the illusion of permanency. They are fitted out for the best possible display of the exhibits of home and foreign tokens of the world's progress. Over three hundred thousand square feet of space had been contracted for before the exposition opened. To your right as you look down the great quadrangle the snowy buildings extend until they fall into a fine perspective at the extreme western end cut by the Government Building, a vast structure five hundred feet in length. First the Electrical and Machinery Hall, then the Manufactures Building, the Administration Building, Building of Agriculture; then the immense Government Building stretching across the whole western end of the court. At its right, continuing on around the court, come the Fine Arts Building, of a noble type of architecture and admirably suited to its purpose, the tall arched entrance-way, the arch of States, rising opposite the Administration Building, then the Building of the Liberal Arts, the Mines and Mining Building, and at the eastern end, at the viaduct, the Auditorium for holding public meetings.

Utility and art have been capitally combined in these buildings. They have the general appearance of permanency in cornice and wall and massive pillar to give them an air of noble strength, while at the same time they are so admirably arranged interiorly that the best opportunity is afforded of display, whether it be the newest wrinkle in electricity, or the widest scope of modern mining, or the best in art, or the richest in husbandry.

Connecting important buildings of the quadrangle are long shady colonnades, pillared and canopied in the all-pervasive staff, and yet massive and lasting to the eye. The great extent of the grounds would make walking from building to building decidedly unpleasant in shine of sun or time of rain were it not for these colonnades. At either end of the great lagoon they spring into arched form, adding a striking note of beauty to the general view.

Here and there about the grounds, so disposed as to interfere in no degree with the general architectural effect, are smaller buildings, some of them devoted to the interests of trade, and all of them delightfully novel and interesting.

But at no point has the prevailing good taste been allowed to lapse. Novelty has not been allowed to displace elegance, nor has any freakishness been given play. Dignity and harmony characterize the buildings and the arrangements of the grounds of the exposition. Over on the Midway ample scope has been afforded for such display as suggests the incongruous or the unreal, and even here there is apparently a steadfast purpose toward fidelity of representation.

Taken all in all, the general impression of this exposition must be decidedly satisfactory.

In a deeper sense, it would seem to be an exposition of much significance, illustrating as it does the commercial, the manufacturing, the agricultural, and the mining progress of a section of the country—a vast resourceful empire in itself.

The opening-day of the exposition, June 1, brought many thousands of people from the regions roundabout, as well as a liberal proportion of Omaha's one hundred and fifty thousand of inhabitants. One would hardly believe it possible a musket was in the hands of the nation, to look out over the great court on the opening-day and see the assembled thousands. Reduced rail rates have, and will have, no doubt, their influence in attracting people, aside from the genuine beauty of the exposition, while nearly one hundred national conventions—medical, humanitarian, religious, ethical, commercial, and the like—will add their thousands to the throngs. So, take it all in all, Omaha promises to have her hands full this summer. The exposition closes on the 1st of November.

The exposition-grounds are easily accessible by electric railway from the downtown part of the city.

Taking advantage of experiences in electrical effects produced at other expositions, the managers of this department have provided an admirable display, both in the ornamentation of the buildings with innumerable lights and in producing novel and striking effects in the fountain immediately in front of the Government Building at the western end of the ground.

It would not be easy to estimate the value of such an exposition as this in illustrating to the nation at large the immense resources of the region which lies in the great Mississippi basin and contiguous to it. The railroad trains, which these weeks past have been entering the grounds, and stopping now at one, now at another, great building to unload immense boxes of exhibits, have brought their freightage from many States and from a vast region of country. These exhibits of the mining, the manufacturing, the agriculture, the forestry, the horticulture, the commerce, the business of this vast region, from the Canadian line to the Gulf of Mexico, are not mere advertising dodges. The States themselves, through appropriations, have provided the funds to show to the world the best of the material resources of their commonwealths; and while art and music and all phases of the æsthetic have not been neglected, it is perhaps this fine panorama of the material West which is here afforded that most will interest. Cast in a different figure, this Trans-Mississippi Exposition is an epitome of the wealth—and not only of the wealth, but of the progress—of the great central region of the nation.

One of the speakers at the opening of the exposition put the progress of the region in a nutshell when he made note of the fact that in the land where only fifty years ago the Indians wandered at will, there are now 22,000,000 people, with an aggregated wealth of twenty-two billions of dollars.

In the telegram which President McKinley sent to the exposition, after setting in motion its machinery, he paid a tribute, for which the success of this exposition will give warrant, when he said that nowhere have the unconquerable determination, the self-reliant strength, and the sturdy manhood of American citizenship been more forcibly illustrated than in the achievements of the people of the region this exposition exploits.

The officers of this Trans-Mississippi Fair are:

Gordon W. Wattles, president; Alvin Saunders, resident vice-president; Herman Kountze, treasurer; John A. Wakefield, secretary; Major T. S. Clarkson, general manager, with an executive committee of seven, and vice-presidents for each of the twenty-four Trans-Mississippi States.

The corner-stone of the exposition was laid on Arbor day, 1897, so that the vast enterprise has been accomplished in a year's time. Many of the States of the region have contributed liberally to the exposition in the way of suitable buildings, while the general government appropriates $200,000 for its building, and in it has placed exhibits of great interest. The government has also taken official notice of the exposition in the issuance of a series of postage-stamps, from one cent to $2, inclusive, commemorative of the event. Over three hundred million of these stamps were ordered for the first instalment. The designs on the stamps are appropriate to the great West and its progress, illustrating phases of pioneer life.

The stamps were to have been ready for distribution June 1, but the issuance was delayed a few days.

Much that is of particular rather than general interest in the many features of this exposition must be reserved for future consideration. The Trans-Mississippi Fair appears to be more important than it promised to be—an exposition of wide scope and value.

W. S. Harwood.

WITH THE REGULARS AT PORT TAMPA, FLORIDA—U. S. CAVALI

DRAWN BY FREDERIC REMINGTON, SPECIAL ARTIST F

VALRY PASSING AN ARMY PACK-TRAIN ON THE ROAD.

TIST FOR "HARPER'S WEEKLY" AT TAMPA.

A YANKEE IN SPAIN.

VI.—MORE SPANISH POLITICS IN A THIRD-CLASS CARRIAGE—LUXURY BY THE ROAD-SIDE, ETC.

BY POULTNEY BIGELOW.—ILLUSTRATED WITH PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR.

IT was our duty to inspect and admire enthusiastically the magnificent cathedrals in the large towns in our path; but we soon discovered so much of rare architectural beauty in little places not even mentioned by guide-books that we finished by regarding one cathedral more or less as of slight importance compared with the great pleasure of discovering in nearly every village remains of architectural greatness apparently forgotten by the searchers of to-day. Burgos has one of the most famous cathedrals in Europe; yet I must confess that the thing about it which has hooked itself most firmly in my memory is the notice in big black letters on its wall that boys must not use it for their game of handball, or pelota. This game is so popular to-day that one may almost say that the Spaniard's rule is, "when in doubt, play pelota." It is analogous to baseball in America. In my time, wherever two boys met out of school-hours one of them was sure to produce a ball and commence a game of "pass," and if three appeared, then it became a game of "one old cat," and so on up to a full game of baseball. In this way we found pelota the game for all Spain, from the Bay of Biscay to the Mediterranean. In the northern provinces we rarely discovered a village so small that it did not have a court for pelota, even though it might not be paved with asphalt or stone, and could not afford a roof of glass as in Madrid. The little boys we met were usually tossing pelota-balls, in poor imitation of the real game, and if we entered a village in the hours when men were at leisure we were apt to find the main street occupied by a practice at ball-tossing.

The interior high plateau of Spain has been described as a bleak desert by many writers, but to me it appealed most sympathetically. There are vast expanses limited only by snow mountains in the far-away distance. Burgos itself is nearly three thousand feet high, and is commonly said to enjoy a climate made up of nine months winter and three of hell. Snow is often found there in June, followed in a few days by the heat of Arizona. There are people who dislike such a climate—I am not one of them. The cold nights and blistering hot days of our run across this great Spanish desert were to me most

TWO GENDARMES WHO HELPED ME TO GET MEAT AT QUINTANA—THE THIRD IS A ROAD-MENDER.

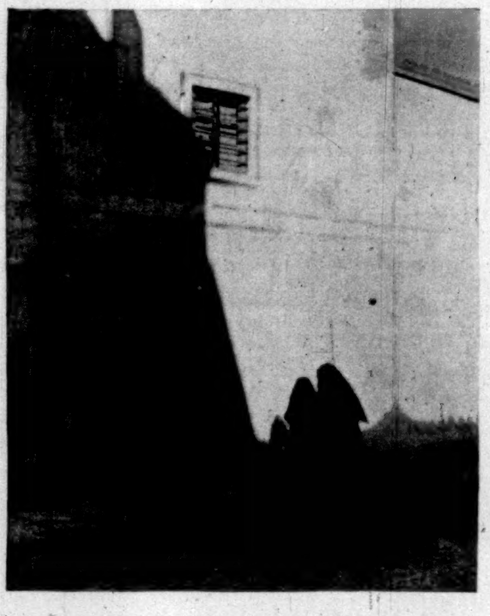
delightful; they reminded me of happy cowboy days in Colorado; they made me homesick. Great herds of cattle were passed, and vaqueros who looked as though transplanted from southern California. The arroyos, or deep ragged ditches cut by the rain-water, lent further similitude to this American picture. Indeed, I was made to feel frequently on this journey that many things in Spain which seem very strange to a German or an Englishman would, on the contrary, appear homelike to an American familiar with our States of Spanish origin. Perhaps the hospitality to the stranger which is so noticeable a feature of the true Western American is, after all, of Spanish inheritance—it is certainly not a peculiarity of New England.

For instance, we had an accident to one of our bikes on the road beyond Burgos, and trudged along in search of the nearest village, where we might get something to eat and learn something about the facilities of reaching Valladolid for the sake of the repair shop which we had learned to expect there. The nearest place was called Quintana, a little village without even an inn. The women of the place were seated on chairs in the middle of the road, sewing and gossiping, evidently to emphasize the fact that in that part of the world the highways were not for wheeled vehicles; and as for pack-animals, they could take their way round them. Just before the village, we passed the good word with an official in charge of some road-repairing, and asked him where we might get something to eat, as we had had nothing since our morning coffee save a bit of dry bread, some nuts, and wine. He at once dropped his work for the pleasure of waiting upon us, and took us to a house with no outward sign of being aught else than a peasant's dwelling. He explained that Quintana was not grand enough for an inn, that travellers rarely passed that way, and that therefore the posada, or wine-shop, did not show a sign-board merely for the people of the neighborhood. We entered the little house and found the first room made up chiefly of a big fireplace without a fire, and in one corner a loaf of bread and some skins of wine. In the only other room of the house was a woman ironing the shirt of her husband; for to-morrow was a saint's day, and therefore on

OUR HOST AT QUINTANA, OUTSIDE HIS POSADA.

the eve thereof he was doing without his shirt in order that he might show due honor to the holy-day. The señora had other wash to prepare for the morrow, the day was waning, and she was visibly pressed for time. We asked for a good hot dinner, but were told that she had nothing but bread and wine. I asked for meat. She had none, and obviously had no mind to interrupt her work to cook us anything. She went on ironing vigorously, while I unfolded to her our state of destitution, the smashing of our bicycle far from home in a strange country. Having got thus far with material enough for her to ponder upon in my absence, I went out to the most intelligent headquarters in all such small places—the house wherein lived two gendarmes who patrol the roads of the neighborhood. Here I inquired if I could buy some meat.

Of course there was no such thing as a shop of any kind in the place, let alone a butcher shop; but at once an obliging citizen escorted me to the house of a villager who might, he said, accommodate me. The villager was not at home, but his wife interrupted the nursing of her infant to wait upon me. She got a huge key, and with the babe in her arms and several children at her heels, showed the way to an out-house, in which was hung a goodly section of an ox. I was too much interested in procuring a square meal to question her as to how this co-operative butchering arrangement was managed. I accepted and paid for cheerfully several pounds of juicy tenderloin, and ran with it back to the lady at the ironing-board. Her soft heart must have been moved somewhat by my recital, for when I returned with the meat she had so far relented as to promise us a soup by six o'clock. And what a soup it was!—full of unexpected and delicious little bits of herbs, and garlic of course, and cuts of crust, and seasoning to perfection—the whole rich in the strength imparted by the generous allowance of meat. The most expensive restaurants of London or New York could not have matched that soup served in a peasant's house of Spain, in a room the whole furniture of which would not have fetched three dollars at auction. But that was not all; the good lady had more than kept her word. The next course was made up of boiled beef with delicious Saratoga potatoes. This was followed by an omelet, or tortilla, that was worthy of an artist in cookery, and to wind up we were offered excellent cheese, followed by oranges and café noir. The whole meal cost us



OUTSIDE OF THE PRISON WHERE COLUMBUS DIED, VALLADOLID.

about sixteen cents each. We left our hostess, praying that in our years to come we might have to eat no worse dinners than such as were furnished us by the least promising villages in Spain.

We had the good fortune to catch that night a train to Valladolid, though I am not sure that there is more than one train a day. There was no place in Quintana where we could have spent a comfortable night, and we therefore made a virtue of necessity by hurrying on by rail to the next place promising a repair shop.

The third-class carriage into which we climbed was pretty full, and I found myself at close quarters with two intelligent men, one from Burgos and the other from Valladolid. In the corner opposite sat a rather dispirited young man of about twenty, though he looked a mere boy. He wore nothing but a tropical suit of blue and white striped cotton, with a round cap on his head similar to the forage-cap of the German army. His face spoke distinctly of swamp fever, and I was not surprised when my neighbor told me that the poor fellow had been invalided home from Cuba. It was commencing to freeze out-of-doors; for on the table-lands of Spain March is a winter month, in spite of a hot sun at noon. We found ice every morning on the pools that we passed. Packed closely as we were, with our overcoats, we were none too warm, yet there sat a poor devil of a soldier in something no warmer than my summer under-clothing, while his own blood was impoverished by a disease which makes one peculiarly sensitive to chills. The fellow had neither overcoat nor blanket, and I asked my companion if the government did not provide him with necessary clothing.

He received my naïve remark with an expression of great scorn. "Government?" said he. "What does the government care whether we live or die?" Then he went on to tell me that he had already served his term in the ranks, and that his brother had come home from Cuba with a bullet wound through his hand, which had necessitated amputation above the wrist.

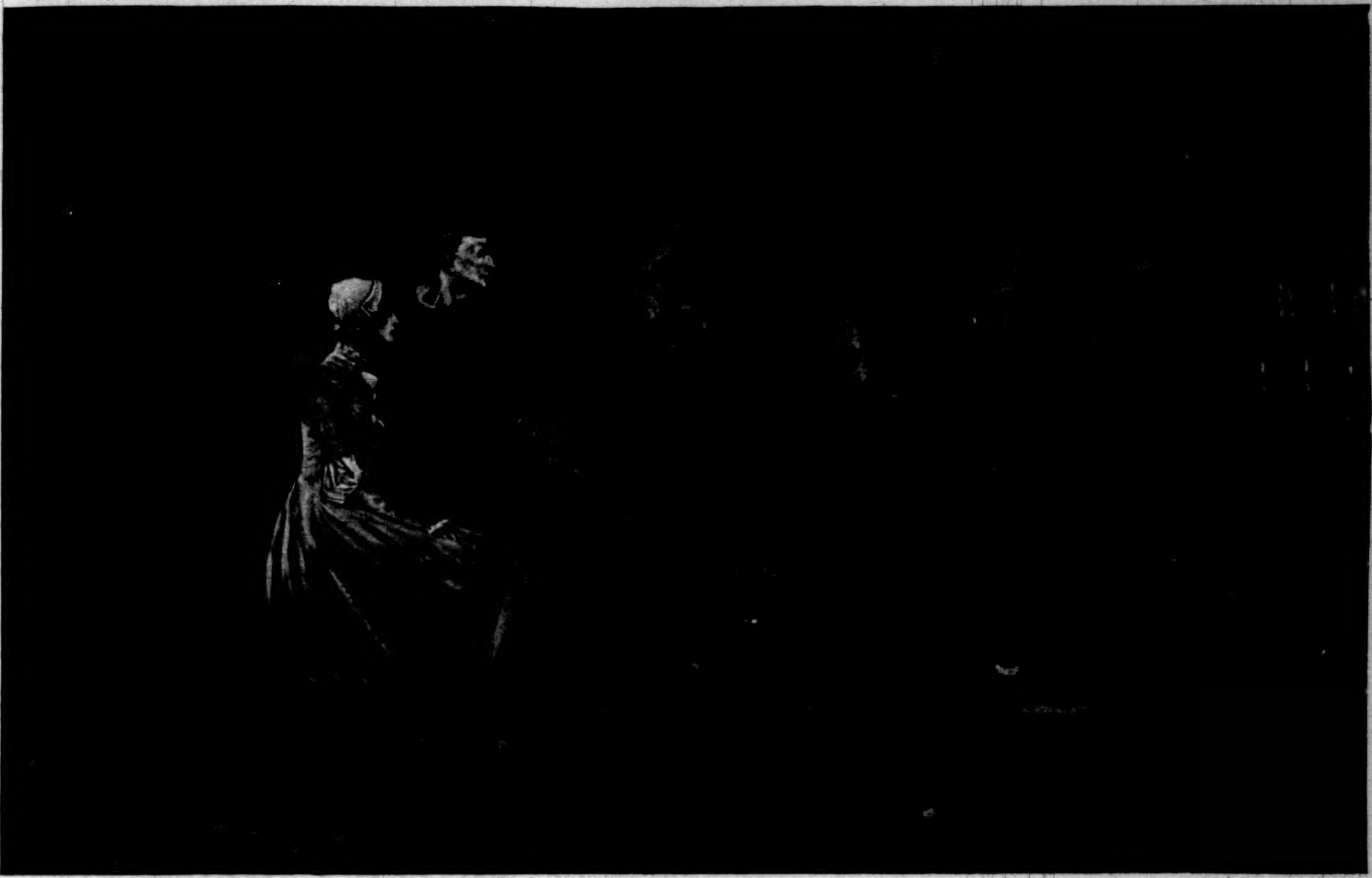
What interested me particularly about this man's talk was not so much the hearing of a stray individual opin-

THE ROAD-MENDER'S FAMILY.

ion as to find that all his words, addressed to a stranger like myself, were spoken without reserve to all within range of his voice, and were listened to not merely without protest, but rather with signs of approval. My neighbor on the other side said, "We are all Republicans here," and with this he waved his hand over the fifty-odd fellow-travellers about us. I could not but think, as I sat in this gathering of men accidentally thrown together, that, after all, there must be something of a public sentiment in this country, if the military authorities would only seek for it in the manner I am now indicating to them.

Our shivering little warrior from Cuba soon left us to change on to a branch line, and to suffer still more from the cold as the night wore on. Those he left behind in the car expressed anew their sorrow for his pitiful condition. They did so, however, after the manner of fatalists who do not expect much immediate improvement as the result of prayers or protests. Their tone was that of New-Yorkers who daily curse the crowding on the elevated railways or the struggling suffering of our horses in the Fifth Avenue stages and the cross-town cars. We protest, as did my Spanish fellow-travellers on the way to Valladolid, from a generous impulse, let us admit, but with no immediate prospect of improvement. The Spanish character of to-day is the product of three centuries full of political wrongs committed against a noble people by a crafty and cruel priesthood. The army and the King have usually been mere organs of the Church; and though to-day both Church and Crown cease to command the respect they did in the past, yet they have so thoroughly incapacitated the people for organization that a republic in Spain to-day would be almost as anomalous as was the republic in the Germany of 1848 or the France of 1789.

I shall soon have to tell of Spanish public opinion in Madrid, amongst people with their fingers constantly on the pulse of the nation. Looking back, however, over the whole field of my talks with people of many ways of thinking, I incline to the opinion that those who told me the most political truth were those who spoke to me as did these men of the people in the publicity of a third-class railway carriage.



THE RED AXE.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT.

CHAPTER LIII.

THE LUBBER FIEND'S RETURN.

ALL these things had overpast so quickly that when Helene and I found ourselves alone in the Red Tower it seemed to both of us that we dreamed. We sat on the low window-seat of the old room, hand in hand. The shouts of the people came up to us from the square. We heard the tramp of the soldiers, who cheered us as they passed to and fro. Being at last alone, we looked into each other's eyes, and we could not believe in our own happiness.

"My wife!" I said, in another fashion than I had said it on the scaffold.

"My husband!" answered Helene, looking up at me.

But I think, for all that we realized of the truth, we might as well have called each other King and Queen of Sheba.

We had been conducted with honor to the Red Tower. For since it was in virtue of my hereditary office that I had obtained the great deliverance, I dared for the present seek no other dwelling-place. For Helene's sake I should have felt safer elsewhere. Besides, desperate and full of baffled hatred as I knew Duke Otho to be, I did not believe that he would dare to molest us—for some time at least. The rage of the people, their unbounded jubilation at the deliverance of their Saint Helena from the jaws of death on the very scaffold, were too recent to be trifled with by a prince so insecure in his ducal seat as Otho of the Wolfmark.

So that I thought we might at least be safe enough till my good fellows of Plassenburg, with the Prince at their head, should be hammering at the gates of Thorn.

To us, thus sitting hand in hand, there entered the Bishop Peter.

"Hail!" he said, blandly, and in his grandest manner, as we knelt for his benediction. "Hail, bride and bridegroom! God has been good to you this day. Bishop Peter, the least of His servants, greets you well. May you have long life and prosperity unfailing."

I thanked him for his gracious words.

"The folk of the city are full of joy," he said. "I think they would almost proclaim you Duke to-day."

"I desire no such perilous honor," I replied, smiling. "It were an ill omen to have a Duke habited all in red."

"It is your marriage dress, Hugo!" said Helene. "I will not have you speak against it."

Ever since the strain of the scaffold, she had not once broken down nor wept, but only desired to sit very close beside me, touching me sometimes, as if to make sure that I was real. Deliverance had been too great and sudden, and that which had come so near to us both—death and the Beyond—had left a bitter spray on our lips.

"And what of the Lady Ysolinde?" I asked the Bishop.

Now the Bishop Peter was a good man, but, like many of his brethren, a lover of great swelling words.

"The Lady Ysolinde," he said, "by the immediate assistance of the city guard, was placed in a litter and deported, all unconscious as she was, to her father's house in the Weiss Thor, where she still remains. But her most seasonable extract from the laws of the Wolfmark, which so opportunely saved the life of your fair wife, and led to this present happy consummation, I have here by me."

And with that the Bishop drew the rolled parchment from his pocket and handed it to me, with all the original seals depending from it. I had small gift for the deciphering of such ancient documents, being only skilled in the common script of the day, and not over-well in that. So that I had to depend upon the offices of Bishop Peter for the interpretation.

"I think," said Bishop Peter, after he had finished reading it over, "that this document had best remain in my own possession. It may be safer under the seal and protection of the Church—even as, to speak truth, you and your wife would be. I am a plain man—" the Bishop continued after a pause, "but remember that there is ever a place of refuge at the palace—and one which even Duke Otho is not likely to violate, remembering the experiences of his predecessor, Duke Casimir, when he crossed his sword against the crozier of this unworthy servant of Holy Church."

"I thank you," said I. "I would that it were possible to avail myself of your all too generous offer. But it will be necessary to abide at least this one night in the Red Tower."

"Ah!" he said. "Why this night?"

"Great things may happen this night, my Lord Bishop!" said I, and glanced significantly in the direction of Plassenburg.

"Ah!" said the Bishop again. "So, then, the power of Holy Church may not be the only restraint upon Duke Otho by to-morrow at this time!"

And calling his attendants, the suave and far-seeing prelate made his way with gravity and reverend ceremony down the streets of Thorn in the direction of his palace.

So, bit by bit, the long day passed away, and I thought it would never end. For Helene and I sat and waited for that which might happen, with beating and anxious hearts. Ofttimes I ran to the top of the Red Tower, and sometimes it seemed that I could see a moving cloud of dust, and sometimes a flurry of startled cattle afar on the horizon. But till dusk there came no better evidence that the lads of Plassenburg were coming to our rescue and to the deliverance of the down-trodden city of Thorn.

The soldiers of the garrison were still encamped in the great square. There was also a constant swarming and mustering of men upon the ramparts of the Wolfsberg. Duke Otho had certainly enough men to make a creditable resistance. True, they were free companions, and without other loyalty than that which they owed to their paymaster.

And beneath all lay the city, rebellious and turbulent to the core, the merchants longing for unhampered rights of trade and security in the enjoyment of the fruits of their labors, the craftsmen claiming freedom to work in their guilds without a payment of labor-bond tithes to the Duke, and especially without the fear of being snatched away at any moment from their benches and looms to join in his forays and incursions.

Towards the gloaming I had come down from the roof of the tower, and was standing gloomy and little like a bridegroom at the little window whence I had so often looked down upon the playing children of Thorn. Suddenly a great hand was reached up from the pavement, a folded paper was thrust in at the window, and I saw the face of the Lubber Fiend looking up at me from the street below.

"Come up hither, good Jan," I cried to him. "I will run and open the gate!"

But the Lubber Fiend only shook his head, till his ears flapped like burdocks in the wind by the wood edges.

"Jan will come none within that gate to tell where I have been," he said. "Jan is a fool, but he knows better than that."

"And where have you been?" I asked, eagerly.

Jan the Lubber Fiend stood on his tiptoes and whispered up to me, with his elbows on the sill,

"You are sure the Duke is not behind you?"

"There is none here—except my wife," I said, smiling. And I liked speaking the word.

"I have seen the great Prince," said Jan, nodding and smiling mysteriously, "and he is coming; but not by himself. There are such a peck of mad fellows out there! There will not be much to eat in Thorn when they all come in. Better make a good dinner to-day, that is my advice to you. And I was bid to tell you that when all was ready for their coming a fire is to be lighted, and then the Prince will come to the gates."

I longed much to hear more of his adventures, but neither love nor money would induce the thrice cautious Jan to set a foot within the precincts of the Red Tower.

"I will light a bonfire when it is dark at the White Gate," he said. "I know what will make a rare blaze. And the Prince cannot come too soon."

So indeed I thought also, as I looked out and saw the swarms of the Duke Otho's men in the court-yard and about the square, and reflected on our helplessness here in the Red Tower, within the defenced precincts of the Wolfsberg.

CHAPTER LIV.

THE CROWNING OF DUKE OTHO.

BUT at long and last the longest day comes to an end. And so just as fast as on any common day, the sun at last dropped to the edge of the horizon and slowly sank, leaving a lake of orange color behind.

The red roofs of Thorn grew gray with purple veins of shadow in the interstices where the streets ran, or rather burrowed. The nightly hum of the city began. For, under the cruel rule of the wolves of the Castle, Thorn was ever busiest in the night. Indeed, the cheating of the guard had become a business well understood of all the citizens, who had a regular code of signals to warn one another of its approach.

Lights winked and kindled in the Wolfsberg over against me. I could see the long array of lighted windows where the Duke would in a little be dining with Michael Texel, Gerard von Sturm, and most of his other intimates. There beneath were the stables of the Black Riders, and before them men were constantly passing and repassing with buckets and soldier gear.

I wondered if the Duke had news of the approach of the enemy.

So soon as I judged it safe I went to the top of the Red Tower and unfolded the paper which Jan the Lubber Fiend had brought me. It was without name and address or signature, and read as follows:

"To-night we shall be in readiness. When the time is ripe let a fire be lighted upon some conspicuous tower or high place of the city. Then we will come."

Then Helene, being lonely, climbed up and sat down beside me. I handed her the paper.

"To-night will be a stormy one in Thorn and the Wolfsberg, little one," said I. "I fear you and I are not out of the wood yet."

The Little Playmate read the letter and gave it back to me. I tore it up, and let the wind carry away the pieces

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2141.

one by one, small, like dust, so that scarce one letter clave to another.

Her hand stole into mine.

"Ah!" she sighed, "I am beginning to believe in it now. To-night may be as dangerous as the yestreen. But at least we are together, never to be separated. And to us two that means all."

It was a strange marriage night, this of ours—thus to sit on the roof of the Tower, under the iron beacon which had been placed there in my grandfather's time, and listen to the hum and murmur of the city, straining our eyes meanwhile through the darkness to catch the spear-glint of the army of the Prince.

"If they do not come by midnight, or if Jan Lubber Fiend does not light his fire by the White Gate, we must e'en risk it and light this one here on the Red Tower."

So the night passed on till it was about eleven, or it might be a quarter of an hour later. Then all suddenly I saw a little crowd of men disengage themselves from that private entrance of the Hall of Judgment by which, on the day of the trial, Dessauer and I had entered. They made straight towards the Red Tower, at a quick run.

"Dear love," said I to Helene, "see yonder! Be ready to light the beacon. I fear me much that our time has come to fight for life."

"Kiss me, then," she said, "and I will be ready for all that may be. At worst we can die together, true husband and true wife."

Presently there came a thundering knock at the door of the Red Tower. I crouched on the stairs behind and listened intently. I could hear the breathing of several men.

"He is surely within," said a voice. "The Tower has been watched every moment of the day."

Again came the loud knocking.

"Open—in the name of the Duke!" cried the voice. And the door was rattled fiercely against its fastenings.

But I knew well enough that it could hold against any force of unassisted men. For my father had ever taken a special pride in the bars and defences of the single door which led into his much-threatened residence.

So I crouched in the dark of the stairs and listened with yet more quivering intentness. Presently I could hear shoulders set to the iron-studded surface, and a voice counted, softly, "One—two—three—and a heave!" But though I discerned the laboring of the men straining themselves with all their might, they might as well have pushed at the rough-harled wall of the Wolfsberg.

"It will not do," I heard one say at last. "We cannot succeed thus. Bring the powder-bag, and prepare the fuse!"

So then I knew indeed that our time was at hand. I mounted the stairs three at a time, till I came to the room where Helene was waiting for me in the dark.

"Fire the beacon on the Tower!" I bade her. "Our enemies are upon us!"

"And after that may I come to you, Hugo?" she said.

"Nay, little one, it is better that you bide on the roof and see that the beacon burns. You will find plenty of tow and oil in the niche by the stair-head."

I could hear Helene give vent to a little sigh. But she obeyed instantly, and her feet went pattering up the stairs.

Then I waited for the explosion, which seemed as if it would never come. I had my dagger in my belt, but of pure instinct my right hand seized the Red Axe. I had more skill of that than any other weapon, and as I had cast it down when they brought us in from the scaffold that morning, it lay ready to my hand.

So I waited at the stair-head, and watched keenly the narrow passage up which the men must come one by one. I measured my distance with the axe-handle, and made a trial sweep or two, so that I might be sure of clearing the stones on either side. I could not see that there would be much difficulty in holding the place for a while, if only Prince Karl would haste him and come. For to me the game of breaking heads and slicing necks would be easy as cracking nuts on an anvil—at least so long as they would come singly.

Presently I heard the roar of burning fuel above me, and immediately after a cry from below. Through the narrow stairway lattice I could see the uncertain flicker of flames lighting up the street. Men ran backward from the open square, looking up as they ran. So by that I knew that Helene had done her work, and was now watching the burning beacon as the flames flicked upwards and clapped their fiery palms.

But at the same moment, from the foot of the stairs, there came the loud report of the explosion beneath the door of the Red Tower, the rumble of stones, and then a larger rush of men to see what had been effected.

"Now for it!" I thought, as I gripped the Red Axe.

But it was not to be so soon. The iron bars, which my father had engineered so that they sank deep into the wall on either side, still held nobly, and I heard the loud voice crying again for a battering-ram. The soldiers of the attacking party went scurrying across the yard, and presently returned, carrying between them a young tree cleared of its branches, but with the rough bark still upon it.

Without, in the square, the turmoil increased, and the streets echoed with shouting. A wild hope came into my heart that Prince Karl had not awaited the summons of the beacon, and that his troops were already in the streets of Thorn. But even as the thought passed through my brain I knew that it was vain.

On the other hand, I knew that in the town the general alarm had been given, for the trumpets blew from the ramparts of the Wolfsberg, and the call to arms resounded incessantly in the court-yard. I doubted not also that many a stout burgher was getting him under arms, and but few of them to fight for the Duke.

Suddenly the bars of the door jangled on the stones under the swinging blows of the battering-ram. I heard feet clatter on the stair. They came with a rush, but long ere they had arrived at the top the pace slackened. Only one man at a time could come up the stairway, and it is always a drag upon the enthusiasm of an assault when at least two cannot go together. The light flickered and filtered in from the streets, and the reflected glow of the bonfire on the roof made the stair-head clear as a lucid twilight.

I waited, with the axe swinging loosely in one hand. A head bobbed up clad in a steel cap. But as the unseen feet propelled it upward, the Red Axe took little reck of the head. Betwixt the steel cap and the rim of steel of the body armor appeared a gray line of leather jerkin and a thinner white line of neck. The Red Axe swung. I bethought me that it was a bad light to cut off calves' heads in. But the Red Axe made no mistake. There was not even a groan—only a dull thud someway underneath, such as you may hear when the children of the quarter play football on the streets.

Then the foremost were blocked by the fallen body, and the feet of the men behind were stayed as the strange round plaything rebounded among them.

"Back!" they cried who were in front.

"Forward!" cried those who were hindmost and knew nothing.

"Come, men, on and finish it!" cried the voice which had commanded the powder-flask and the tree—the voice which I now knew to be that of Duke Otho himself.

But the kick-ball argument of the Red Axe was mightily discouraging to those immediately concerned, and as I felt the muscles of my right arm and waited, I could hear Otho reasoning, threatening, coaxing, all in vain. Then his tones mounted steadily into hot anger. He reviled his followers for dogs, cowards, curs who had eaten his bread and now would not rid him of his enemies.

"A thousand rix-dollars to the man who kills Hugo Gottfried," he said. "But, hear ye, save the girl alive!"

Yet not a man would first attempt the hazard of the stair.

"Knaves, traitors, curs!" he cried. "Would that there were so much as a true man among you—but there is not one worth spitting upon!"

"Cur yourself!" growled a man somewhere in the dark. "You have most at stake in this. Try the stair yourself, if you are so brave. We will follow fast enough!"

"God strike me dead if I do not!" shouted Otho; "if it were only to shame you cowards."

He paused to prepare his weapons.

"Follow me, men!" he shouted again; "all together!"

Again there was the clatter of iron-shod feet on the stone steps beneath me.

My grip on the Red Axe became like iron, but my joints were loose and swung easily as a flail swings.

"Welcome, Otho von Reuss," I cried. "Ye could not be crowned without the death of Helene my wife. Come up hither and I will crown thee with the iron crown."

There, at last, was mine enemy at the turn of the stair, rushing furiously upon me, sword in hand.

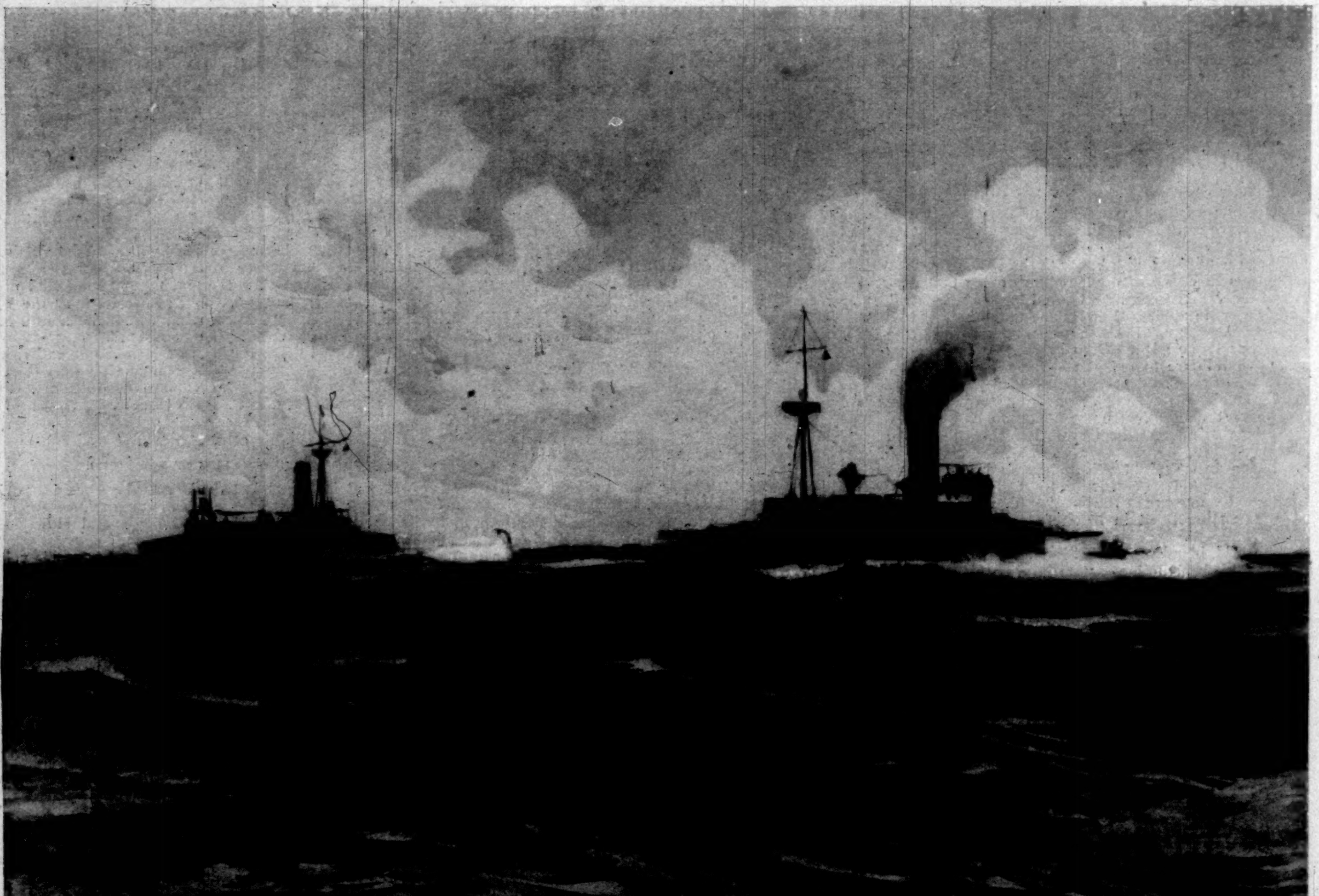
"Traitor!" he cried, and his sword was almost at my breast, so fast he came.

"Murderer!" I shouted.

And almost ere I was aware the Red Axe flashed as it swept full circle with scarce a pause, as it took the head of a man with it on its way.

Otho von Reuss was crowned. Helene, the Little Playmate, was avenged.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]



"Miantonomoh." "Puritan."

THE MONITORS AT SEA, MAY 25.

Drawn by Carlton T. Chapman, Special Artist for "Harper's Weekly" with Admiral Sampson's Fleet.

WITH THE COAST-DEFENCE FLEET—ON A PATROL-BOAT IN NEW YORK HARBOR.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See Page 602.]

LONDON.

May 28.

I HAVE just returned from the Abbey. Mr. Gladstone's funeral was stately in its simplicity. Except for the gorgeous attire of the Lord Mayor of London and the colored garb of the Chinese ambassador, the service might have been that of a village church. The effect of the three thousand voices singing "Rock of Ages" and "O God, our Help in Ages Past" was magnificent. Mrs. Gladstone, supported by her son, and little Dorothy Drew, Mr. Gladstone's grandchild, presented a pathetic contrast. I was present in the Abbey at the Jubilee celebration of 1887, and again at Lord Tennyson's funeral. On neither of these occasions was the nation represented in the sense that it was represented to-day. The congregation was a miniature or microcosm of the nation. When Mr. Gladstone was laid in the grave among the dead men who ruled England before him, it was felt that an epoch was also buried in that grave. The Duke of Norfolk, the Earl Marshal, was charged with all the arrangements for the funeral. He has worked sixteen and seventeen hours a day, and with signal success. Nothing could have been better managed or more in keeping with the wishes of the nation. The ceremony was in marked contrast with the extravagant and indiscriminate language of the last week.

No one would have denounced more sternly the hysterical gush with which we have been flooded than Mr. Gladstone himself. The papers have been filled with suggestions by which the memory of the great man was to be honored. A walking funeral from Cheshire to London was one of them. Such poetry has appeared as,

From the Creator's mouth this mandate ran,
Fill me the measure of a perfect man.

Descriptive reporting has run riot over the details of Mr. Gladstone's long illness, his death-bed, the funeral preparations, and finally the obsequies in Westminster Abbey. The lying in state of the body of Mr. Gladstone in Westminster Hall recalls the fact that the body of William Pitt received a similar honor previous to interment in Westminster Abbey. The ceremonies followed in the case of Pitt largely formed the precedent in Mr. Gladstone's funeral rites. The body of Pitt, it is true, lay in the Painted Chamber of the old Palace of Westminster. This chamber was a survival of the original palace. Edward the Confessor died within its walls. On Thursday, February 20, 1806, and the following day, 60,000 persons visited the body of the Great Commoner. It is not yet known how many persons have passed the coffin of Mr. Gladstone. They were passing yesterday at the rate of 12,000 an hour. Some 300,000 souls gazed on it.

Already Mr. Gladstone's memory has passed into the domain of history. A careful analysis of the judgment given on his career by men of all ranks and of every race tends to show that he will live in history not chiefly for his intellectual attainments, nor in the purely academical, least of all in the political sphere, but pre-eminently as a man of the highest moral tone, with large sympathies for mankind, although destitute of knowledge of men. This point was well brought out by the late Lord Houghton, who wrote,

We spake of two high names of speech and pen,
How each was seeing, and how each was blind;
Knew not mankind, but keenly knew all men;
Knew naught of men, but knew and loved mankind.

Lord Houghton was referring to the two great political chiefs, for in a conversation some one remarked that, if Lord Beaconsfield was a good judge of men, Mr. Gladstone was a still better judge of mankind. The epigram was applauded, and Houghton put it into the above verse.

The extravagance of the language employed about Mr. Gladstone is certain to produce a natural reaction. Already signs of it are not wanting. The Newcastle *Chronicle*, to whose sympathies with Spain reference has been made in a former letter to the WEEKLY, has taken the opportunity of recalling the circumstances under which Mr. Gladstone announced to an astonished world that Jefferson Davis had made a nation. This celebrated utterance was made at Newcastle, and is quoted as an instance of Mr. Gladstone's want of insight in affairs outside the sphere of domestic activities. Critics who are honest with themselves are bound to admit that the time has not yet come when justice can be done to Mr. Gladstone. Our troubles in the Transvaal, with Russia, and in Egypt are the direct results of the great man's policy. Mr. Gladstone was the representative figure of an age which but yesterday seemed to be our own. To-day, as his body was reverently laid among the ashes of the illustrious dead of the English-speaking race, we perceive that that age is buried with him. At the present time the majority of thoughtful people, in their heart of hearts, are the critics of his career as well as the admirers of his character. Mr. Gladstone was the personification and the embodiment of his epoch and his countrymen. His censors, therefore, are at the same time the critics of this epoch and the censors of this nation.

The Queen's messages of condolence and sympathy to Mrs. Gladstone and her family express true womanly feeling. It has not, however, escaped the notice of onlookers that her Majesty has not marked the death of Mr. Gladstone by any such expression of affection and esteem as that with which she distinguished the memory of Lord Beaconsfield. On April 19th, 1881, the Queen addressed the nation through the Court Circular as follows: "The Queen received this morning, with feelings of the deepest sorrow, the sad intelligence of the death of the Earl of Beaconsfield, in whom her Majesty loses a most valuable and devoted friend, and the council of the nation one of its most distinguished statesmen." Nine days have now elapsed since Mr. Gladstone's death, and the Queen has made no sign. An attempt to force her Majesty's hand failed, as it deserved to fail. Mr. Gladstone has been buried without one official word from the Queen.* It would be affectation to ignore the significance of the circumstances under which Mr. Gladstone held his last official interview with his sovereign. The interview took place at Buckingham Palace after the defeat of the Home-Rule bill by the Lords. The meeting is understood to have been marked by the expression of strong feeling on both sides. Mr. Gladstone wished to obtain power to override the opposition of the Lords by the creation of a sufficient number of peers to carry the bill through the Upper House. In urging his point, he addressed her Majesty with characteristic vehemence. In speaking of Mr. Gladstone's manner, the Queen is reported to have said to one of the ladies of her court that Mr. Gladstone habitually addressed her as if she were a public meeting. On this memorable occasion, however, his vehement nature carried him farther still. It is understood that Mr. Gladstone indicated the dangers to the throne that might ensue if the advice tendered by him were not accepted. Convinced that Mr. Gladstone did not command a majority in the country, and determined that the nation should be consulted before resorting to so drastic a measure as the coercion of the Second Chamber, the Queen firmly set aside her Prime Minister's warnings, and is understood to have declared that in such a matter as the safety of the throne she considered herself responsible, and until she sought advice on the subject Mr. Gladstone's anxieties in that direction need not be expressed in the audience-chamber. The interview is said to have closed not without tears on the part of the Queen; and it is a fact that Mr. Gladstone came down to the House of Commons visibly under the influence of strong mental excitement. That the Queen's judgment was vindicated, and her good sense exhibited for the hundredth time, was shown by the result of the elections. An enormous majority of the constituencies pronounced against the home-rule proposals of Mr. Gladstone, thus indicating that the Queen had read the heart of her people more accurately than had her aged minister.

*After Mr. White's letter was posted the Queen expressed her sympathy for Mrs. Gladstone in a letter in which, however, no tribute was paid or gratitude expressed for Mr. Gladstone's statesmanship.—Ed. WEEKLY.

Mr. Chamberlain's speech at Birmingham on May 13 is described to me by one who accompanied him as being one of the most marvellous exhibitions of oratorical power that was ever heard. My friend's enthusiasm was, however, damped by the reception of the speech in the press next morning. The *Times* and the other newspapers, it is true, referred to it, but seemed to attach no special importance to Mr. Chamberlain's excursion into the domain of foreign affairs. Nor did they seem then to regard his references to the possibility of an Anglo-American alliance as being significant of more than general good-will towards the United States, which forms part of the working creed of British statesmen. In forty-eight hours, however, the explosive condition of the political atmosphere was indicated by the reception of Mr. Chamberlain's utterances in foreign countries. It excited politicians from China to Peru, from Christiania to Cape Town. Some critics read in it a notice to France that she must budge on the Niger. Others discerned in it a declaration that the English-speaking people intended to have their own way. Others again saw in it a defiance to Russia, and in the quotation of the proverb that "He who sups with the devil must have a long spoon" the expression of rooted hostility towards our chief rival in Asia. Taking a wider view, there is reason to believe Mr. Chamberlain to mean that the question of the Far East is not whether this port is to be open or that province occupied by a European nation, but who is to be master in Asia? For a hundred years the Anglo-Saxon has ruled the roost. The Slav race is now a candidate for the first place. Mr. Chamberlain's speech, therefore, is most accurately to be construed as meaning that the solution of the problem as to who is to be master in Asia during the coming century is less likely to be accomplished by the writing of despatches than by the exertion of force—still the dominant factor in human affairs.

It should be noticed that whether or not this theory be correct, one thing is certain. Mr. Chamberlain has not been repudiated by Lord Salisbury, and still continues to hold his place in the cabinet. Defiance to Russia and the proffer of a working friendship with the United States may therefore be held to have the official sanction of the British government. The celebration of the Queen's birthday at Tampa and in many other parts of the United States produced a deep impression. The demonstrations of the United States troops are significant of much, especially to those who see in the Spanish war no greater issue than the entry of the American government into the circle of European powers. If the centre of gravity in international affairs is being shifted from the Mediterranean to the Pacific, it is inevitable that the English-speaking people of the world must unite for common objects if they are to retain the position now threatened by the Slav and the Latin races. To emphasize this fact Mr. Chamberlain laid extreme stress on the vast importance of the Chinese question. It is not a matter of ports or provinces, but of the whole Chinese Empire. If an Anglo-Saxon alliance be formed to maintain the "open door," it will be founded not on political convenience, but on identity of material interests and racial sentiment.

I have recently referred to the differences of opinion on the subject of the Spanish-American war which are alleged to exist among the Irish Nationalists. In the *Daily Chronicle*, a paper favorable to Irish Nationalist aspirations, a recent article appeared in which it was said that the conflict of view in the Irish party between the sympathizers with Spain and the friends of the United States had been suppressed with difficulty. As this is a matter of high importance in the development of the political situation at home, I asked Mr. John Dillon, M. P., for permission to make an authoritative statement on the subject in the WEEKLY. However hostile a Unionist like myself may be to Mr. Dillon's avowed political aims, it is, I think, only fair to record the conviction held by every one acquainted with the facts, that no one but an honest man could occupy the position held by the honorable member for Mayo. The ordinary attractions to a political life are absent in the case of the Irish Parliamentary leader. He is not likely to revive any serious interest in the home-rule question through constitutional efforts in the Parliamentary arena. These things being so, Americans know what weight may be attached to Mr. Dillon's opinions. Mr. Dillon tells me that, so far from the seventy-one members of his party being equally divided, on a resolution of sympathy with the United States being submitted to a private meeting of the party, there was but one dissentient, and after some discussion the resolution in question was made unanimous. It is true that four or five others have expressed academic sympathy with Spain, but this affinity with the countrymen of Weyler proceeds not from antipathy to the American people, but from the traditional connection between Ireland and Spain, and the sympathy created by the blending of some of the best Irish blood with the Spanish nobility. The Prendergasts, the O'Donnells, and others of the Irish gentry compelled to flee their country in the bad old days of Protestant ascendancy, now form part of the flower of Spanish chivalry. It is impossible to obliterate the traces of such an association, even if it were desirable. Substantially, Mr. Dillon informs me, the Irish Nationalists are solid for the States, and if there be a few members of the party personally disinclined to conform with the resolution referred to, they are bound by the rules that govern the Irish Parliamentary organization loyally to accept the decision arrived at as binding upon them.

Mr. John Redmond, M.P., the leader of the Parnellite party, has also been good enough to make me acquainted with the facts relating to the allegation of Spanish sympathy existing in the ranks of the Irish Parliamentary representatives. Mr. Redmond declares that, so far as the Parnellites are concerned, unanimity prevails. To a man they are for the United States and against Spain; but, he adds, that in the party led by Mr. John Dillon there are a few Spanish sympathizers. As this statement confirms that made by Mr. Dillon himself, there seems to be no doubt in the minds of the Irish leaders that the friends of Spain are putting their money on the wrong horse. In the course of further conversation with Mr. Redmond on the subject of the political situation created by the death of Mr. Gladstone, I gathered that the opinion of the Parnellite leader is that the air will now be cleared in regard to the Irish question. As Mr. John Redmond deservedly enjoys the reputation of being clear-headed, and possesses a logical mind, the following opinion, with which I thoroughly agree, deserves attention. The Irish leader considers that the death of Mr. Gladstone will lead to the open repudiation of home-rule by the Liberal party; that the Liberal party, or, at all events, that portion of it which is in touch with Lord Rosebery, will publicly shed the convictions they have professed during the last twelve years with regard to the solution of the Irish difficulty. Sir William Harcourt is old and unpopular, and his views on the subject are not of signal importance. Lord Rosebery, on the other hand, never had a free hand. His principal supporter in the House of Commons was always caballing against him, and his belief in home-rule, so far as it went, was partly based on opportunism and partly on affectionate reverence for Mr. Gladstone's opinions. Mr. Redmond, therefore, believes that when Lord Rosebery returns to public life, an event that cannot much longer be delayed, he will openly abandon the Irish alliance, with the approval of those Liberals who for a dozen years have declared on every platform in the United Kingdom that a measure once inscribed on the banner of the Liberal party is never removed until it becomes the law of the land. The situation thus created, if Mr. John Redmond's prognostications should come true, will be that the Irish party will be face to face with the Liberals and the Unionists, and will once more occupy the independent position in which Mr. Gladstone found them when his conversion to the cause of Irish autonomy happened to coincide with his researches after a majority.

Discontent in Ireland and the failure of the constitutional agitation will be accompanied by a revival of the activities of the physical-force party. Mr. John Redmond, as a member of Parliament, does not take part in this movement, but, as an honest man, he admits that he does not disapprove of it. On the contrary, if his reading of Irish history be correct, he contends that at no time has the cause of Ireland advanced except when revolutionary energy has accompanied and supported constitutional agitation within the walls of Parliament. Prophecies of this kind are apt to cause their own fulfilment, especially when the prophet openly sympathizes with the movement he predicts.

As the principles which Mr. Redmond propagates and embodies are more widely held in America than the number of Mr. Redmond's followers in the British Parliament would lead one to expect, his views on the Anglo-American alliance are not without importance. He frankly expresses his determination to do what he can to prevent it until the wants of Ireland are satisfied. He does not believe that America has anything to gain from a good understanding with England, and that any steps taken to bring about common action between the two countries would be in the interests of England. How far Mr. Redmond's views are colored by his wishes I will not presume to say, but it must be admitted that Mr. Redmond is a good honest hater of this country, and the establishment of permanent and cordial relations between the English-speaking peoples on both sides of the Atlantic is an aim the accomplishment of which he will do his utmost to frustrate. To speak plainly, Mr. Redmond is an avowed and bitter enemy of this country. In the event of war between England and two first-class powers, not only his sympathies, but his aid, would be given to England's enemies. There is something attractive in the outspoken and irreconcilable hostility of the Parnellite leader. Nevertheless, time is on our side. The healing process in Ireland has begun. It is not likely to be completed by any vast or dramatic change of policy on the part of the people of Britain. At the same time, the establishment of good relations between the United States and England will undoubtedly dispose the people and rulers of Britain to deal with Ireland in the spirit of justice and on the principle of equality. The Irish question is, after all, no matter of mere local government or of sops or doles. It is, as Mr. Gladstone once said, an imperial question of the highest order. It may be, therefore, that when Admiral Dewey's guns sunk the Spanish ships at their moorings in Manila harbor, the Irish question got "a lift in the powder-cart." In other words, the identity of imperial interests between the two branches of the English-speaking people revealed by the Spanish war extends to the Irish question as well as to the "open door."

Much regret is expressed privately that the Anglo-American dinner, which is sure to attract a considerable amount of attention, is not in the right hands. A small coterie closely identified with the extreme, radical, humanitarian, and socialistic party, have practically captured the movement. Had it been in stronger hands, I have no hesitation in saying that fifty times as many representative Englishmen would have come forward. While there is every desire to promote the union of the English-speaking people, no particular enthusiasm is manifested by the leaders in society, politics, literature, or art for making that object an instrument for the advertisement of men and movements which have no hold on the people of this country.

As foretold in a former letter, a private sale of the late Princess Mary of Teck's possessions has been going on at White Lodge. Madame Bricka, her constant attendant, is selling the things, and the friends of the family go over to buy little mementos of Princess Mary in price from £1 to £25. These, of course, are the small things. Princess Mary's jewels have, by arrangement, become the property of the Duchess of York; and the Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz has bought the plate for £4000.

ARNOLD WHITE.

CUBA.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF "HARPER'S WEEKLY."]

ON BOARD THE TRANSPORT "FLORIDA,"

Wednesday, May 25, 1898.

IT is just a week since we embarked from Port Tampa with our cargo of Cubans, mules, horses, and ammunition. At Key West we found Admiral Sampson's fleet, which left the day after for Cuban waters. The tug *Osceola* with four guns, two of which are 6-pounders, was detailed to act as our escort to Cuba, and to go a roundabout way to avoid, if possible, any collision with the Spanish fleet. We left Key West Saturday night, have come by the route shown on enclosed chart, and with the exception of a few merchantmen the first day out, have thus far met nothing. For the last thirty-six hours we have been going but five knots an hour, in order not to strike the Cuban coast before the evening. Puerto de Banes, in the province of Santiago de Cuba, is where we will try to make a landing. General Lacret will command the expedition after landing. I understand that the Vice-President, Domingo Mendez Capote, has left Cuba for Jamaica, and will go to New York, with the intention of representing the Cuban Republic in the United States.

PUERTO DE BANES, CUBA, *May 27, 1898.*

By the light from Lucrecia Light-house, which is kept up by the Spanish, our transport and her escort slowly felt their way towards Puerto de Banes Wednesday night. At twelve o'clock a small boat was lowered, which acted as scout to find the entrance to the narrow channel which leads into Banes Bay. After an unsuccessful attempt the small boat was picked up by the *Osceola*, and at daybreak our escort found the outer port. The *Florida* came up, anchored at the mouth of the passage opposite an abandoned block-house, while the tug went up into the bay to explore. In an hour she returned, and the transport followed her through a winding narrow passage, wooded on either side, into one of the most beautiful bays in existence.

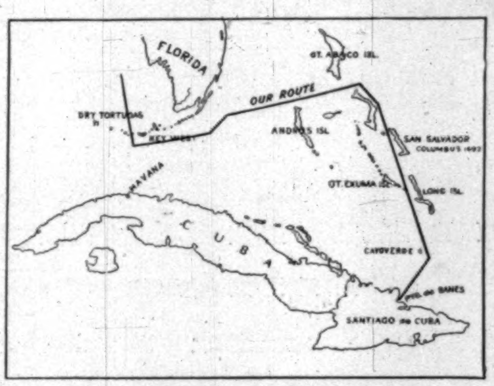
At the opposite side of the bay, or to all appearances large lake, is the remains of Puerto de Banes, which was burned by Gomez a year and a half ago, and which we are today using as our first camping-ground. We picked up a Cuban sentry who came out from the brush while we were at anchor. He told us he had not been to headquarters for two months, and did not know the United States was at war with Spain. He was nearly naked, but had a rifle, four cartridges, and a machete. He had used one of the cartridges the day before to kill a deer. The poor devil had a bad case of chills and fever, and after we had given him a new suit and something to eat, we dosed him with quinine. To-day the pacificos — men, women, and children—with their small starved horses and dogs, have been coming into camp. They are nearly naked, and live on bananas and sweet-potatoes. A man and boy I met on the coast were boiling salt water in a pan, making salt for the army. If Clara Barton could come here, I think she would have her hands full without going farther. It seems strange, in a land that bears forth such fine fruit, there should be so much suffering. Pineapples, bananas, cocoanuts, oranges, limes, and wild tomatoes are plentiful. The hills surrounding the bay are covered with banana plantations, which are going to ruin; and they say, after Havana, the next best tobacco in Cuba is raised here. Our sanitary corps to-day gave out to the pacificos almost all their medicines, people coming from the country twenty miles around. All the visitors were given a little piece of salt pork and a few crackers, which they have not before tasted for two years.

We have to be saving, as we only took provisions for five hundred men for forty days, and a great deal of that has already gone.

General Ferier, who has been laying siege to Sama, eighteen miles west of here, has just come into camp with fifty mounted men, says the Spaniards sent a thousand men from the garrison at Gibara yesterday to re-enforce the seven hundred already at Sama. They vacated the town of Sama, and have gone four miles to the sea-coast, where there are two small Spanish gunboats that came from Nipe to aid them. It is thought they all intend going to Gibara, where there is a garrison of six or seven thousand Spaniards.

One thousand of General Ferier's men will arrive in the morning to help transport the ammunition and stores the *Florida* has brought. General Lacret thinks it a mistake that Ferier should have, under the circumstances, weakened his besieging force. Lieut.-Col. Dorst, for the government, and Dr. J. D. Castillo, representing the Junta, deserve a great deal of credit for the soldier-like and business way our expedition has been handled. No casualties up to the present.

CLYDE D. V. HUNT.



ADVICE TO MOTHERS.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

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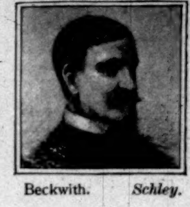
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Art

Howard Pyle,
John La Farge,
W. T. Smedley,
Frederic Remington,
T. de Thulstrup,
A. B. Wenzell,
Geo. Wharton Edwards,
Eric Pape,
Alice Barber Stephens,
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THE FOLLOWING STORIES WILL APPEAR SHORTLY:

"Love Among the Lions" by F. Anstey (Ill. by Peter Newell).

"Why I Remained a Bachelor" by Julien Gordon (Ill. by Alice Barber Stephens).

"The Blue Hotel" by Stephen Crane.

"Sir Bruin" by S. R. Crockett.

"When the Door Opened" by Sarah Grand (Ill. by A. B. Wenzell).

Literature

Henry James,
Stephen Crane,
S. R. Crockett,
Edmund Gosse,
Sarah Grand,
F. Anstey,
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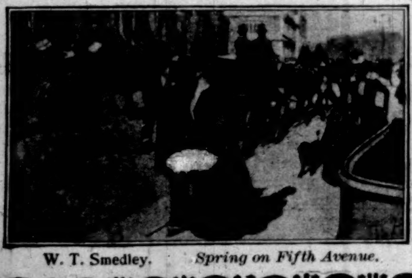
AMATEUR SPORT.

THE COLLEGE BOAT RACE OF '98:
I. "The Prospect" in the issue of June 18th. II. "The Result" in the issue of July 2d.
"The College Man in War," etc.


W. T. Smedley. *Spring on Fifth Avenue.*

John La Farge. *Illustration for Henry James' Story.*

M. F. Klepper, *Sleighing.*

GENERAL WHEELER'S LEAP.

BY JOHN A. WYETH.

FIGURATIVELY speaking, many men in times of peace, as well as in the more exciting times of war, failing to accomplish the end in view, have been compelled to "take water." It does not very often happen in reality that a major-general of cavalry, caught in the toils, with all other avenues of escape closed to him, has shown himself so desperately in earnest not to be captured as to plunge on horseback at full speed over the high bank of a river into the raging torrent below. There have been recorded in history two such instances, and, by a strange coincidence, the heroes of both occasions had been christened "Joseph." The one was Prince Joseph Poniatowski, Marshal of France under the great Napoleon; the other, Major-General Joseph Wheeler, then of the Confederate army, recently appointed by the President Major-General of Volunteers in the army of the United States. Every reader of the life of Bonaparte remembers the tragic death of Poniatowski after the defeat of Napoleon at Leipsic, when he rushed in a mad charge through an intervening line of the enemy, and although wounded, at full speed rode over the steep bluff of the Elster into the river below, where horse and rider disappeared beneath the surface, never to rise.

The cavalry fight at Shelbyville was the liveliest engagement which marked the retreat of Bragg's army from Tullahoma to Chattanooga, in the summer of 1863. Inasmuch as the Confederates were finally driven from the field, the honors of the day rested with the Union troopers, although they stopped short of reaping the full success which was in their grasp as the result of the brilliant fighting they had done. The Southern troops, who for more than three hours, in the outskirts of Shelbyville, stood up before and held at bay a largely superior force of Federals, were a forlorn hope numbering 1200 men, placed there and commanded by Major-General Joseph Wheeler, in the desperate effort to protect from capture or destruction an immense wagon-train loaded with supplies invaluable to Bragg's army. While the fighting was going on, this immense train was filing across the narrow bridge which two miles from the battle-field spans Duck River, and was making its snail-like progress over the muddy and almost impassable road to Tullahoma.

The army of Rosecrans began its forward movement from Murfreesboro on the 22d of June, 1863. Convinced of the inadvisability of risking a great battle with so large a stream as the Tennessee River immediately in his rear, General Bragg had ordered a withdrawal of his picket-lines of cavalry under Generals Wheeler and Forrest to the south bank of Duck River. At Shelbyville, on the northern bank of this stream, there had been gathered a large supply of commissary and quartermaster's stores, and it became of the utmost importance to remove these to some point of safety. Wheeler, in command of all the cavalry operating in the department of which General Bragg was commander-in-chief, was directed to withdraw his troops south of Duck River by way of Shelbyville, holding off the Federal advance until the wagon-trains were across, when, by destroying the bridge, they would be safe from pursuit. In accordance with these instructions, General Forrest, who was operating in the neighborhood of Franklin and Spring Hill, was directed to fall back, in order to unite with General Wheeler at Shelbyville. The junction was to be effected as early in the afternoon of the 27th of June as was practicable, and the two commands were then to form the rear-guard of the army which was in retreat, and convoy the wagons southward. However,

> The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
> Gang aft a-gley.

General Wheeler had calculated that the force he had left to hold the Union cavalry in check at Guys Gap would be able to maintain their position long enough to permit Forrest, who had the greater distance to travel, to effect the junction at the time agreed upon; but upon this day the Federal troopers were evidently intent upon great deeds. Advancing on Guys Gap, they were backed by a corps of infantry under the command of General Gordon Granger, making a combination of strength against which the small Confederate cavalry command was able to make but feeble resistance. In addition to Granger's infantry, Major-General David S. Stanley, commanding all the cavalry of the Army of the Cumberland, was here at the head of the troopers, leading in person one of the best brigades of mounted men at that time in the Union army. At eight o'clock on the morning of the 27th of June, as Colonel R. H. G. Minty, in his official report, says, "the entire cavalry force was ordered to move on Guys Gap, the first division in advance." Colonel Minty at the head of the Fourth Regulars, and Major-General Stanley leading the Seventh Pennsylvania, Fourth Michigan, and Third Indiana, so overmatched the Confederates that they quickly passed by the left flank and gained the rear of their position, and drove them rapidly toward Shelbyville. Major-General Granger says, "Our advance met here with no resistance to speak of." From the Gap to within a few miles of Shelbyville the fight resolved itself into a horse-race, with the stampeded Confederates as far in the lead as they could get. The writer of this, who at the time was filling the humble rôle of a private in the Confederate cavalry, was one of a detachment stationed on this day about two miles in front of Shelbyville, several hundred yards in the rear of some abandoned earth-works which had been thrown up there earlier in the war. Even after the lapse of thirty-five years there comes vividly to mind the forlorn appearance of these flying troopers from Guys Gap as they passed through our line to the rear. The incessant rains, together with the trampling of horses' hoofs, had converted the roads into beds of mortar, and these demoralized cavaliers were so bespattered with mud from head to foot that no one could have told what uniform they wore. Many of them were hatless, some had lost their guns, and fully one-half of them seemed to have lost heart and hope.

So eager were their pursuers that we had scant time to jeer at or "guy" our unfortunate brothers. Moreover, the situation was not over-conducive to fun or frolic. General Wheeler was with us, and in command of our detachment, 1200 in number, which made the sum total of our effective force. With him on hand, every one of us realized that a lively fight was sure to take place. He impressed upon us the necessity of holding the enemy at bay, no matter at what cost, until the train of wagons could clear the bridge, and added that General Forrest was coming to our aid. We were greatly encouraged when we heard that Forrest with his command was not far off, for we knew that, no matter how weak we were, if we could only hold our own until General Wheeler's famous subordinate, who had already achieved a reputation as a successful fighter, could arrive, we could then beat back all the cavalry that could be sent against us.

For at least a mile in front of the position we occupied, which was upon a slight elevation, all the timber had been felled, in order to expose to view the approach of any attacking column. Along the road and out of the strip of timber to the north of this open space there came in sight a long array of Federal troopers, a deep blue fringe upon the border of the green forest beyond. There were so many of them it did not seem possible for us to stand up before them longer than it would take them to put spurs to their horses and ride over us; but, fortunately for us, the dashing tactics which they had employed at Guys Gap earlier in the day they did not practise now. Wheeler's bold front had evidently impressed them with the idea that we were there in strength, and were probably trying to lead them into a trap. If they had ridden down upon us then our destruction would have been complete, for we had no avenue of escape except by one narrow bridge two miles in our rear. Instead of smashing us then and there, as they could easily have done, and as they did after several hours of desultory fighting, in which time they lost the great prize they were fighting for, they dismounted the Seventh Pennsylvania under the brave Captain Davis, who deployed them as skirmishers, and advanced to engage our front. As this regiment advanced, another, the Fourth Michigan, moved from their heavy column in the turnpike around the left of our line, in order to turn our flank and force us back. Simultaneously the Third Indiana, was deployed in the opposite direction to overlap our short line upon the right. Immediately in rear of the Seventh Pennsylvania the famous

Fourth United States Regulars came up directly before us, and behind this double line was a noisy section of artillery, which began to make its presence felt.

A cavalry fight well sustained on both sides is lively enough when one takes part in it, but it seems exceedingly tame on paper. This one did not lack in spirit. Of about a score of such "scraps," some of which, of larger growth, have passed to a place on the bloodiest pages of history, the writer does not recall a contest which, for downright pluck in giving and taking hard and heavy knocks through several hours, surpasses this Shelbyville "affair." The carbines and rifles were flashing and banging away, at times in scattering shots when the game was at a long range, and then when a charge came on, and the work grew hot, the spiteful, sharp explosions swelled into a crackling roar, like that of a canebrake on fire, when in a single minute hundreds of the boilerlike joints have burst asunder. Add to all this the whizzing, angry whir of countless leaden missiles which split the air about you; the hoarse, unnatural shouts of command—for in battle all sounds of the human voice seem out of pitch and tone; the wild, defiant yells and the answering huzzas of the opposing lines; the plunging and rearing of frightened horses; the charges here and there of companies or squadrons, or more than these which seem to be shot out from the main body, as flames shoot out of a house on fire; here and there the sharp, quick cry from some unfortunate trooper who did not hear *one* leaden messenger—for only those are heard which have passed by; the heavy, soggy striking of the helpless body against the ground; the scurrying runaway of the frightened horse, as often into danger as out of it, whose empty saddle tells the foe that there is one less rifle to fear—all these sights and sounds go to make up the confusing medley of a battle-field. And then there was the artillery, not thundering away—for artillery never thunders when one is near it. Two or three miles away the reverberations of the atmosphere convey to the ear the sound of distant thunder, but when, on the field, one faces or stands behind the battery which is engaged, the noise seems more like the sudden throb or impulse of some huge pump than the prolonged muffled sounds which are akin to thunder. So, for nearly three hours, passed this little fight.

The Federal advance upon the centre of our line did not succeed. Time after time it was attempted, but the baffled troopers went back again. As they spread out upon our flanks, our own line was stretched out more and more to meet them. At last, about five o'clock, taking advantage of a momentary lull in the attack, General Wheeler, with the exception of Russell's Fourth Alabama Regiment, withdrew the troops, and ordered them to retire as rapidly as possible to the bridge and cross the river; 200 of us were left under command of Colonel A. A. Russell, with orders to stay until they rode us down, in the hope that this catastrophe would be delayed long enough to permit General Wheeler to clear the bridge in our rear. I did not understand this movement at the time, but have learned since from General Wheeler that it was only then that the last wagon had passed across Duck River, and he felt now that he could save at least a portion of his troops on the field by a rapid retreat. We were told, when we were beaten, to make our way, every man for himself as best he could. Before the Federal cavalry realized what had been done, he was gone at full speed, and, reaching the bridge, had the troops and artillery which accompanied him safe on the southern bank. But before all this was accomplished the lightning had struck our little forlorn hope. The Seventh Pennsylvania and Fourth United States Regulars rode out and over us in the most brilliant cavalry manœuvre the writer ever witnessed. They formed, and were in view for at least a half-mile before they came within firing distance. On either side of the highway, in columns of fours, they advanced at a steady gallop, until they passed into the opening in the line of earth-works, through which the main road led, some two or three hundred yards in our advance. As soon as they reached this point inside the works, still on the full run, they deployed from columns of fours into line of battle, like the opening of a huge fan. The movement was made with as much precision as if it had been done in an open plain, on dress parade, or in some exhibition of discipline and drill. Huddled there as we were, knowing what fate was impending, we could not refrain from expressing our admiration not only of the courage which they were displaying, but of the marvellous precision in the change of formation. Our orders were to stand until they approached within fifty yards, when we were to empty our rifles, draw our pistols, and then *sauve qui peut*. The Union troopers, with sabres high in air, made no sound whatever beyond the rumbling tattoo which their horses' hoofs played upon the ground. It was only a short space of time, probably the fraction of a minute, until they were so near that we could distinguish their faces, and in fact their individual features. Levelling our guns at them, we fired our final volley, and by the time our horses' heads were faced to the rear they, coming at full speed, were upon us. In an incredibly short space of time the writer found himself on the ground and well in the rear of the charging line. No more gallant work was ever done by any troops than was done on this day by the Seventh Pennsylvania and the Fourth Regulars. Meanwhile, General Wheeler, who had safely crossed the river, was in the act of firing this structure, when a member of General Forrest's staff, Major Rambaut, reported to him that Forrest, with two brigades, was within two miles of Shelbyville, and advancing rapidly to cross. Realizing the danger which threatened Forrest, Wheeler, notwithstanding the Federals were in strong force in the suburbs of Shelbyville and advancing into town, taking with him two pieces of artillery and 500 men of Martin's division, with this officer, hastily recrossed to the north side in order to hold the bridge and save Forrest from disaster. The guns were hastily thrown into position, but the charges had scarcely been rammed home, when the Union troops came in full sweep down the main street. When within a few paces of the muzzles of the guns they were discharged, inflicting, however, insignificant loss. With their small force of 500 men Generals Wheeler and Martin stood up as best they could under the pressure of this charge. They held their ground manfully as the cavalry rode through and over them, sabring the cannoneers from the guns, of which they took possession, and then passed on and secured the bridge, leaving the two Confederate generals and their troops well in their rear. The bridge had become blocked by one of the caissons, which had been overthrown, and now, thinking they had them in a trap, the Union forces formed a line of battle parallel with the bank of Duck River and across the entrance to the bridge. The idea of surrendering himself and his command had not entered the mind of General Wheeler. As Poniatowski had done at the Elster, he now shouted to his men that they must cut their way through and attempt to escape by swimming the river. With General Martin by his side, sabres in hand, they led the charge, which, made in such desperate mood, parted the Federals in their front as they rode through. Without a moment's hesitation, and without considering the distance from the top of the river-bank, which was here precipitous, to the water level, these gallant soldiers followed their invincible leader, and plunged at full speed sheer fifteen feet down into the sweeping current. They struck the water with such velocity that horses and riders disappeared, some of them to rise no more. The Union troopers rushed to the water's edge and fired at the men and animals struggling in the river, killing, or wounding and drowning a number. Holding to his horse's mane, General Wheeler took the precaution to shield himself as much as possible behind the body of the animal, and although fired at repeatedly, he escaped injury and safely reached the opposite shore. Some forty or fifty were said to have perished in this desperate attempt. "Fighting Joe Wheeler" never did a more heroic and generous deed than when he risked all to save Forrest from disaster.

Major-General Gordon Granger missed that night the opportunity of a lifetime. Within nine miles of him, at dark on the 27th of June, floundering slowly through the muddy and almost impassable road to Tullahoma, Bragg's enormous train of wagons was creeping at a snail's pace. Forrest had been forced to make a detour of eight miles to effect a crossing. Martin's division was temporarily in disorganization. With the bridge in his possession, had he been as bold and persistent in pursuit as either Wheeler or Forrest, he would have destroyed those wagons and administered a staggering blow to Bragg's army. General D. S. Stanley proposed to go on that night in pursuit of the beaten Confederates; but his chief, satisfied with the performance of the day, dissented, and "bivouacked near the railroad station."

WASHINGTON.

June 11, 1898.

Some excitement was caused in army circles to-day by the published statement that General Miles had passed a severe criticism upon the maladministration of certain officers in handling the commissary, quartermaster, and ordnance supplies for the troops concentrated at Tampa. The facts, on investigation, appear to be that General Miles indulged in some very plain criticism of the condition of things he found at Tampa, where the supplies had become confused, and some of them made inaccessible by the freight congestion. It cannot be ascertained that he censured any one personally, but he undoubtedly left a great many things to be explained by the officers who would, in the ordinary course, be responsible for such shortcomings. The impression prevails here that the fault lies somewhere between the raw staff assistants recently appointed from civil life, with no idea of the duties expected of them, or of the government's methods of doing business, and the railroad management. It has been considered from the first a mistake to choose for the concentration of a large body of troops a place where the freight facilities were so meagre, and the administration of the transportation service so unfamiliar with large undertakings. What General Miles did was apparently to condemn conditions as he found them, without attempting to identify their authors.

Francis E. Leupp.

ANOTHER POSTPONEMENT.

On Board Flag Troop-Ship "Seguranca,"
Off Port Tampa, *June 9.*

Once again orders have come from Washington, and again the army of invasion is halted. We came very near getting off this time—in fact, three of the transports were hull down when at five o'clock yesterday afternoon General Shafter sent a despatch-boat to recall them.

Tuesday evening about seven o'clock, in pursuance of instructions from Washington, the troops were ordered to embark at once. All night long troops were filling trains; some of the regiments did not reach the Port—nine miles away—until eight o'clock the following (Wednesday) morning, and all of us, with our equipments, were up all night awaiting the starting of the trains on the single-track road which connects Tampa with Port Tampa. As the soldiers reached the Port, train-load upon train-load, they were marched into the transports as rapidly as the congestion of traffic would permit. One regiment of infantry, the artillery, the horses, the ammunition, and a certain amount of provisions had been put on board two days before, otherwise such congestion would have resulted yesterday as to have made intelligent progress impossible. As it was, about 12,000 men were moved and put on transports between nine o'clock Tuesday night and five o'clock Wednesday afternoon. Considering the single-track railroad line and the narrow neck of land upon which the cars unloaded, the embarkation time was creditable.

There was confusion without limit—an unnecessary amount of it—no small part of it due to the presence of people moved by curiosity to view the embarking, and who should have been kept their distance by sentries. The absence of sentinels about the quartermaster's preserves has been most notable and annoying since the very beginning of the loading, many days ago.

As the transports were loaded yesterday, they dropped away from the wharf and out into the harbor, their rigging filled with cheering soldiers, and the music of the regimental band swelling up from the decks below.

At 4.30 General Shafter came over the side, but instead of flying signals to move, he sent a despatch-boat post-haste to notify all the transports to come in close to the wharf and anchor. A telegram had been received from Washington saying, in effect, "Stop where you are"; later telegrams brought the information that two of our small auxiliary gunboats had seen and in one instance been chased by two Spanish cruisers five hours from Tampa Bay. General Shafter's hurry call brought in all the transports, some wisely going into the canal to unload the horses, and give them air and a rest from the most cruelly botched of stalls I have ever seen on cattle-transports. So here we are, some thirty transports of us, almost within hailing distance one of another, awaiting further developments.

Incidentally Santiago appears not to contain the only bottled fleet, nor are the stoppers all of the American brand. At Santiago there are six Spanish cruisers inside, while outside is a fleet of American war-ships—cruisers and gunboats, variously estimated from twelve to sixteen. At Port Tampa inside are some thirty transports with about 13,000 men, and two gunboats; outside, if report be true, have been seen two Spanish cruisers and two torpedo-boats. Certainly Spain has simply played horse with our Navy and War departments—who, in conjunction with the Strategy Board, are directing this war. She has completely outwitted us.

The idea of Tampa Bay being left with only two small gunboats near the transports, with none at all at the entrance to the bay, no search-lights playing all night, and no serious precautions against attack, while twice as many ships as are actually needed float lazily off Santiago!

What the plan is for the immediate future none off the Strategy Board probably knows.

If the same measures are employed now as when that other Spanish fleet was at liberty—*i.e.*, if we are not to move until these latest boats of Spain are marked down, then we shall probably remain here all summer.

To sweep the seas of the enemy before convoying troops is a novelty in naval history. Hitherto, where movements of troops were necessary, convoys strong enough thoroughly to protect troop-ships have been the habitual procedure. Now that we have 25,000 troops fit and ready for movements, we are wasting valuable time in delay. There are enough men-of-war to spare a strong convoy for these transports.

If we consulted our best interests, we would go first to Porto Rico and then go to Santiago, if that "bottled" Spanish fleet has not by then been destroyed.

We very much need Porto Rico at this stage of the game. Santiago will keep until we have put an army of occupation at San Juan. However, the chances are, when we do move, if ever, we will go to Santiago first, because Washington favors it.

The troops now on the transports include regulars, the 71st New York Volunteers, and half the regiment of volunteer cavalry. Originally it was intended to take nine regiments of volunteers, but later it was decided to lessen the force. Of the volunteer infantry, only the 71st New York and 2d Massachusetts will go.

If it is proposed to wait until the enemy is located, the men will go into camp again, but if a strong convoy is to be gathered from Santiago and Key West, the men are likely to remain on the transports, although it will take five days for ships to come here from Santiago.

We at least hope for something definite; the infirmity of purpose of which we have seen so much is wearing out everybody.

Caspar Whitney.

PATROLLING THE MINE-FIELDS.

While our squadrons are engaged in foreign waters gathering in glory and prizes, the gray shades of two or three pleasure-yachts, stripped, and painted with Uncle Sam's war-paint, patiently guard the waters about New York from Throgs Neck to Sandy Hook. The former owner of the *Aileen* would find it hard to recognize her, with all her top hamper gone except the smoke-stack, signal-mast, and bridge. "All the comfort taken out of her," and in its place five or six guns and a megaphone. Her commander, Lieutenant Kilburn, has his hands full; on duty from dawn till dark, and from nightfall till morning, makes pretty long days. All day long the *Aileen* circles about in the neighborhood of the channel, her commander shouting his warnings through the megaphone at careless skippers who insist on sailing over waters reserved exclusively for the enemy.

At night the search-light is turned on, and from the Narrows far out toward Sandy Hook not even a row-boat could escape its vigilant ray. It can be easily imagined how the crew on board the *Aileen* long for a more warlike service than chasing mud-scows and lighters off the mine-fields. One old salt remarked, in tones of utter disgust, that after nine years of service in the China seas and over the world, here, in time of war, he was left near enough home to ride there on a trolley-car. But the service rendered by the *Aileen* and her sister ships in guarding the defences of New York Harbor is a most important one, and, as Lieutenant Kilburn says, "while it is only one chance in a thousand that we will have anything serious to do here, it is to know and be ready if that chance comes." The people of New York may congratulate themselves on having men at the gateway of their harbor who faithfully perform their duty while longing for the more adventurous service of their comrades in the West Indian waters.

W. A. Rogers.

DIARY OF THE WAR.

(Continued from page 583.)

drid. Augustin confesses inability to "hold the ground against two enemies"—the insurgents and Admiral Dewey—and says that "the insurrection has reached great proportions."

Thursday, June 9.—Despatches from Madrid state that the people are stunned by the news from Manila, that Spain is being urged on all hands to seek peace, and that the Minister for Foreign Affairs has been authorized to confer with ambassadors of the powers.

President McKinley sent these nominations to the Senate: To be major-general in the volunteer army, J. Warren Keifer, of Ohio; to be brigadier-general, John P. S. Gobin, of Pennsylvania.

Friday, June 10.—A fleet of war-ships has been assembled at Port Tampa, Florida, to convoy the troops to Santiago de Cuba. Intimations have been received regarding the appearance of Spanish war-ships in Southern waters, and it has been decided to run no risks.

President McKinley sent to the Senate to-day nominations of Charles F. Roe, of New York, and Thomas L. Rosser, of Virginia, for appointment as brigadier-generals in the volunteer army.

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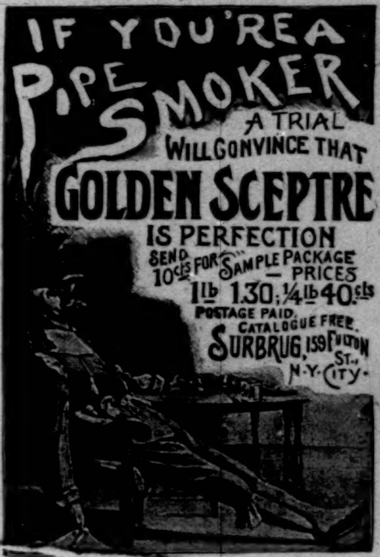

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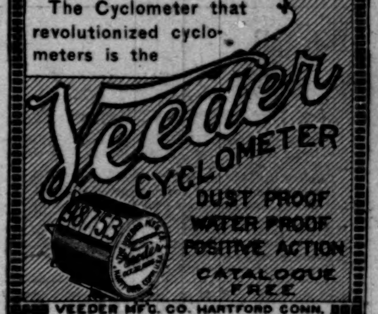
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